C. 34
FLETCHER AND SHAKSPEARE. TWO NOBLE KINSMEN. LOND. 1634.
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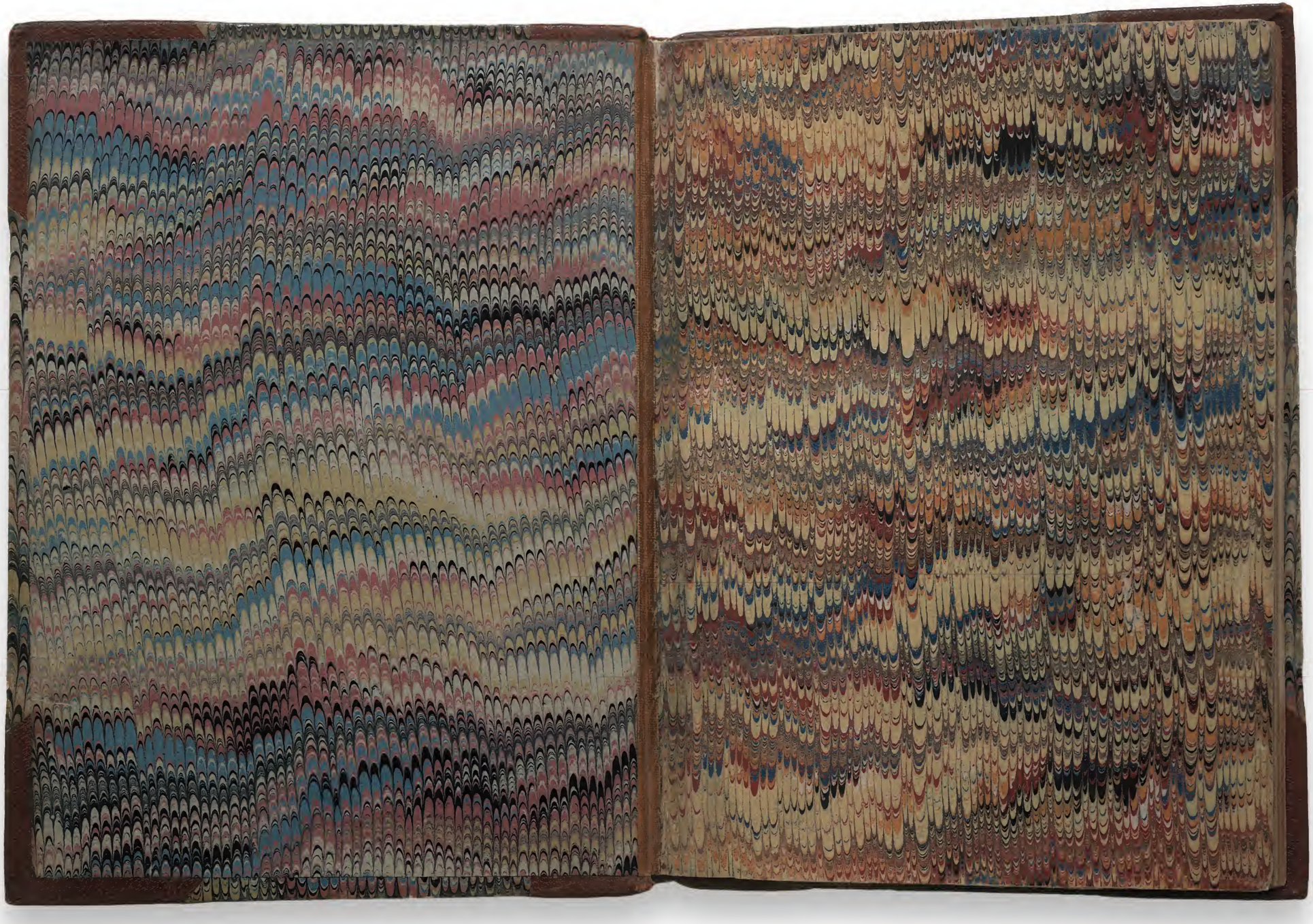


~~644. b. 22~~
C 34 g 23

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN:

Presented at the Blackfriers by the Kings Maiesties servants, with great applause:

Written by the memorable Worthies of their time;

Mr. *John Fletcher*, and Mr. *William Shakspeare*. Gent.

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

Printed at *London* by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Iohn Waterson*: and are to be sold at the signe of the *Crowne* in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1634.

Florish.

NEw Playes, and Maydenheads, are neare a kin,
Much follow'd both, for both much mony g'yn,
If they ſtand ſound, and well: And a good Play
(Whoſe modeſt Sceanes bluſh on his marriage day,
And ſhake to looſe his honour) is like hir
That after holy Tye, and firſt nights ſtir
Yet ſtill is Modeſtie, and ſtill retaines
More of the maid to ſight, than Husbands paines;
We pray our Play may be ſo; For I am ſure
It has a noble Breeder, and a pure,
A learned, and a Poet never went
More famous yet twixt Po and ſilver Trent.
Chaucer (of all admir'd) the Story gives,
There conſtant to Eternity it lives;
If we let fall the Nobleneſſe of this,
And the firſt ſound this child heare, be a hiſſe,
How will it ſhake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under ground, O fan
From me the witles chaffe of ſuch a wrighter (lighter
That blaſtes my Bayes, and my fam'd workes makes
Then Robin Hood? This is the feare we bring;
For to ſay Truth, it were an endleſſe thing,
And too ambitious to aſpire to him;
Weake as we are, and almoſt breathleſſe ſwim
In this deepe water. Do but you hold out
Your helping hands, and we ſhall take about,
And ſomething doe to ſave us: You ſhall heare
Sceanes though below his Art, may yet appeare
Worth two houres travell. To his bones ſweet ſleepe:
Content to you. If this play doe not keepe,
A little dull time from us, we perceave
Our loſſes fall ſo thicke, we muſt needs leave.

Floriſh.

The Two Noble Kinſmen.

Actus Primus.

Enter Hymen *with a Torch burning: a Boy, in a white Robe before ſinging, and ſtrewing Flowres: After* Hymen, *a Nimph, encompaſt in her Treſſes, bearing a wheaten Garland. Then* Theſeus *betweene two other Nimphs with wheaten Chaplets on their heades. Then* Hipolita *the Bride, lead by* Theſeus, *and another holding a Garland over her head (her Treſſes likewiſe hanging.) After her* Emilia *holding up her Traine.*

The Song, *Muſike.*

ROſes their ſharpe ſpines being gon,
Not royall in their ſmels alone,
But in their hew.
Maiden Pinckes, of odour faint,
Dazies ſmel-leſſe, yet moſt quaint
And ſweet Time true.

Prim-roſe firſt borne, child of Ver,
Merry Spring times Herbinger,
With her bels dimme.
Oxlips, in their Cradles growing,
Mary-golds, on death beds blowing,
Larkes-heeles trymme.

All deere natures children ſweete-
Ly fore Bride and Bridegroomes feete *Strew*
Bleſſing their ſence. *Flowers.*
Not an angle of the aire,
Bird melodious, or bird faire,
Is abſent hence.

The Crow, the ſlaundrous Cuckoe, nor
The boding Raven, nor Clough hee
Nor chattring Pie,
May on our Bridehouſe pearch or ſing,
Or with them any diſcord bring
But from it fly.

Enter 3. Queenes in Blacke, with vailes ſtaind, with imperiall Crownes. The 1. Queene fals downe at the foote of Theſeus; The 2. fals downe at the foote of Hypolita. The 3. before Emilia.

1. *Qu.* For pitties ſake and true gentilities,
Heare, and reſpect me.

2. *Qu.* For your Mothers ſake,
And as you wiſh your womb may thrive with faire ones,
Heare and reſpect me,

3. *Qu.* Now for the love of him whom *Iove* hath markd
The honour of your Bed, and for the ſake
Of cleere virginity, be Advocate
For us, and our diſtreſſes: This good deede
Shall raze you out o'th Booke of Treſpaſſes
All you are ſet downe there.

Theſeus. Sad Lady riſe.

Hypol. Stand up.

Emil. No knees to me.
What woman I may ſteed that is diſtreſt,
Does bind me to her.

Theſ. What's your requeſt? Deliver you for all.

1. *Qu.* We are 3. Queenes, whoſe Soveraignes fel before
The wrath of cruell *Creon*; who endured
The Beakes of Ravens, Tallents of the Kights,

And

And pecks of Crowes, in the fowle feilds of Thebs.
He will not ſuffer us to burne their bones,
To urne their aſhes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortall loathſomenes from the bleſt eye
Of holy *Phœbus*, but infects the windes
With ſtench of our ſlaine Lords. O pitty Duke,
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy feard Sword
That does good turnes to'th world; give us the Bones
Of our dead Kings, that we may Chappell them;
And of thy boundles goodnes take ſome note
That for our crowned heades we have no roofe,
Save this which is the Lyons, and the Beares,
And vault to every thing.

Theſ. Pray you kneele not,
I was tranſported with your Speech, and ſuffer'd
Your knees to wrong themſelves; I have heard the fortunes
Of your dead Lords, which gives me ſuch lamenting
As wakes my vengeance, and revenge for 'em.
King *Capaneus*, was your Lord the day
That he ſhould marry you, at ſuch a ſeaſon,
As now it is with me, I met your Groome,
By *Marſis Altar*, you were that time faire;
Not *Iunos Mantle* fairer then your Treſſes,
Nor in more bounty ſpread her. Your wheaten wreathe
Was then nor threaſhd, nor blaſted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her Cheeke with ſmiles: *Hercules* our kineſman
(Then weaker than your eies) laide by his Club,
He tumbled downe upon his Nenuan hide
And ſwore his ſinews thawd: O greife, and time,
Fearefull conſumers, you will all devoure.

1. *Qu.* O I hope ſome God,
Some God hath put his mercy in your manhood
Whereto heel infuſe powre, and preſſe you forth
Our undertaker.

Theſ. O no knees, none Widdow,
Vnto the Helmeted-Belona uſe them,
And pray for me your Souldier.
Troubled I am. *turnes away.*

2. *Qu.* Honoured *Hypolita*
Moſt dreaded *Amazonian*, that ha'ſt ſlaine
The Sith-tuskd-Bore; that with thy Arme as ſtrong
As it is white, waſt neere to make the male
To thy Sex captive; but that this thy Lord
Borne to uphold Creation, in that honour
Firſt nature ſtilde it in, ſhrunke thee into
The bownd thou waſt ore-flowing; at once ſubduing
Thy force, and thy affection: Soldireſſe
That equally canſt poize ſternenes with pitty,
Whom now I know haſt much more power on him
Then ever he had on thee, who ow'ſt his ſtrength,
And his, Love too: who is a Servant for
The Tenour of the Speech. Deere Glaſſe of Ladies
Bid him that we whom flaming war doth ſcortch,
Vnder the ſhaddow of his Sword, may coole us:
Require him he advance it ore our heades;
Speak't in a womans key: like ſuch a woman
As any of us three; weepe ere you faile; lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Then a Doves motion, when the head's pluckt off:
Tell him if he i'th blood cizd field, lay ſwolne
Showing the Sun his Teeth; grinning at the Moone
What you would doe.

Hip. Poore Lady, ſay no more:
I had as leife trace this good action with you
As that whereto I am going, and never yet
Went I ſo willing, way. My Lord is taken
Hart deepe with your diſtreſſe; Let him conſider;
Ile ſpeake anon.

3. *Qu.* O my petition was *kneele to Emilia.*
Set downe in yce, which by hot greefe uncandied
Melts into drops, ſo ſorrow wanting forme
Is preſt with deeper matter.

Emilia. Pray ſtand up,
Your greefe is written in your cheeke.

3. *Qu.* O woe,
You cannot reade it there; there through my teares,

Like

Like wrinckled peobles in a glaſſe ſtreame
You may behold 'em (Lady, Lady, alacke)
He that will all the Treaſure know o'th earth
Muſt know the Center too; he that will fiſh
For my leaſt minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. O pardon me;
Extremity that ſharpens ſundry wits
Makes me a Foole.

Emili. Pray you ſay nothing, pray you,
Who cannot feele, nor ſee the raine being in't,
Knowes neither wet, nor dry, if that you were
The ground-peece of ſome Painter, I would buy you
T'inſtruct me gainſt a Capitall greefe indeed
Such heart peirc'd demonſtration; but alas
Being a naturall Sifter of our Sex
Your ſorrow beates ſo ardently upon me,
That it ſhall make a counter reflect gainſt
My Brothers heart, and warme it to ſome pitty
Though it were made of ſtone: pray have good comfort.

Theſ. Forward to'th Temple, leave not out a Iot
O'th ſacred Ceremony.

1. *Qu.* O This Celebration
Will long laſt, and be more coſtly then,
Your Suppliants war: Remember that your Fame
Knowles in the eare, o'th world: what you doe quickly,
Is not done raſhly; your firſt thought is more,
Then others laboured meditance: your premeditating
More then their actions: But oh Iove, your actions
Soone as they mooves as Aſprayes doe the fiſh,
Subdue before they touch, thinke, deere *Duke* thinke
What beds our ſlaine Kings have.

2. *Qu.* What greifes our beds
That our deere Lords have none.

3. *Qu.* None fit for'th dead:
Thoſe that with Cordes, Knives, drams precipitance,
Weary of this worlds light, have to themſelves
Beene deathes moſt horrid Agents, humaine grace
Affords them duſt and ſhaddow.

1. *Qu.* But our Lords

Ly bliſtring fore the viſitating Sunne,
And were good Kings, when living.
Theſ. It is true. and I will give you comfort;
To give your dead Lords graves:
The which to doe, muſt make ſome worke with *Creon*;
1. *Qu.* And that worke preſents it ſelfe to'th doing:
Now twill take forme, the heates are gone to morrow.
Then, booteles toyle muſt recompence it ſelfe,
With it's owne ſweat; Now he's ſecure,
Not dreames, we ſtand before your puiſſance
Wrinching our holy begging in our eyes
To make petition cleere.
2. *Qu.* Now you may take him,
Drunke with his victory.
3. *Qu.* And his Army full
Of Bread, and ſloth.
Theſ. *Arteſuis* that beſt knoweſt
How to draw out fit to this enterpriſe,
The prim'ſt for this proceeding, and the number
To carry ſuch a buſineſſe, forth and levy
Our worthieſt Inſtruments, whilſt we deſpatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deede
Of Fate in wedlocke.
1. *Qu.* Dowagers, take hands
Let us be Widdowes to our woes, delay
Commends us to a famiſhing hope.
All. Farewell.
2. *Qu.* We come unſeaſonably: But when could greefe
Cull forth as unpanged judgement can, fit'ſt time
For beſt ſolicitation.
Theſ. Why good Ladies,
This is a ſervice, whereto I am going,
Greater then any was; it more imports me
Then all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.
1. *Qu.* The more proclaiming
Our ſuit ſhall be neglected, when her Armes
Able to locke *Iove* from a Synod, ſhall

By

By warranting Moone-light corſlet thee, oh when
Her twyning Cherries ſhall their ſweetnes fall
Vpon thy taſtefull lips, what wilt thou thinke
Of rotten Kings or blubberd Queenes, what care
For what thou feelſt not? what thou feelſt being able
To make *Mars* ſpurne his Drom. O if thou couch
But one night with her, every howre in't will
Take hoſtage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou ſhalt remember nothing more, then what
That Banket bids thee too.
Hip. Though much unlike
You ſhould be ſo tranſported, as much ſorry
I ſhould be ſuch a Suitour; yet I thinke
Did I not by th'abſtayning of my joy
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their ſurfeit
That craves a preſent medcine, I ſhould plucke
All Ladies ſcandall on me. Therefore Sir
As I ſhall here make tryall of my prayres,
Either preſuming them to have ſome force,
Or ſentencing for ay their vigour dombe,
Prorogue this buſines, we are going about, and hang
Your Sheild afore your Heart, about that necke
Which is my ffee, and which I freely lend
To doe theſe poore Queenes ſervice.
All Queens. Oh helpe now
Our Cauſe cries for your knee.
Emil. If you grant not
My Siſter her petition in that force,
With that Celerity, and nature which
Shee makes it in: from henceforth ile not dare
To aske you any thing, nor be ſo hardy
Ever to take a Husband.
Theſ. Pray ſtand up.
I am entreating of my ſelfe to doe
That which you k neele to have me; *Pyrithous*
Leade on the Bride; get you and pray the Gods
For ſucceſſe, and returne; omit not any thing
In the pretended Celebration. Queenes

Follow

Follow your Soldier (as before) hence you
And at the bancke of Anly meete us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall finde
The moytie of a number, for a busines,
More bigger look't; since that our Theame is haste
I stamp this kisse upon thy currant lippe,
Sweete keepe it as my Token; Set you forward
For I will see you gone. *Exeunt towards the Temple.*
Farewell my beauteous Sister; *Pyrithous*
Keepe the feast full, bate not an howre on't.
Pirithous. Sir
Ile follow you at heeles; The Feasts solempnity
Shall want till your returne.
Thes. Cosen I charge you
Boudge not from Athens; We shall be returning
Ere you can end this Feast; of which I pray you
Make no abatement; once more farewell all.
1. *Qu.* Thus do'st thou still make good the tongue o'th world.
2. *Qu.* And earnst a Deity equal with Mars,
3. *Qu.* If not above him, for
Thou being but mortall makest affections bend
To Godlike honours; they themselves some say
Grone under such a Mastry.
Thes. As we are men
Thus should we doe, being sensually subdude
We loose our humane tytle; good cheere Ladies. *Florish.*
Now turne we towards your Comforts. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Palamon, and Arcite.*

Arcite. Deere *Palamon*, deerer in love then Blood
And our prime Cosen, yet unhardned in
The Crimes of nature; Let us leave the Citty
Thebs, and the temptings in't, before we further
Sully our glosse of youth,
And here to keepe in abstinence we shame
As in Incontinence; for not to swim
I'th aide o'th Current, were almost to sincke,

At least to frustrate striving, and to follow
The common Streame, t'would bring us to an Edy
Where we should turne or drowne; if labour through,
Our gaine but life, and weakenes.
Pal. Your advice
Is crude up with example: what strange ruins
Since first we went to Schoole, may we perceive
Walking in Thebs? Skars, and bare weedes
The gaine o'th Martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends, honour, and golden Ingots,
Which though he won, he had not, and now flurted
By peace for whom he fought, who then shall offer
To *Marsis* so scorud *Altar*? I doe bleede
When such I meete, and wish great *Iuno* would
Resume her ancient fit of *Ielouzie*
To get the Soldier worke, that peace might purge
For her repletion, and retaine anew
Her charitable heart now hard, and harsher
Then strife, or war could be.
Arcite. Are you not out?
Meete you no ruine, but the Soldier in
The Cranckes, and turnes of Thebs you did begin
As if you met decaies of many kindes:
Perceive you none, that doe arowse your pitty
But th'un-considerd Soldier?
Pal. Yes, I pitty
Decaies where ere I finde them, but such most
That sweating in an honourable Toyle
Are paide with yce to coole 'em.
Arcite. Tis not this
I did begin to speake of: This is vertue
Of no respect in Thebs. I spake of Thebs
How dangerous if we will keepe our Honours,
It is for our residing, where every evill
Hath a good cullor; where eve'ry seeming good's
A certaine evill, where not to be ev'n Iumpe
As they are, here were to be strangers, and
Such things to be meere Monsters.

Pal. Tis in our power,
(Vnleſſe we feare that Apes can Tutor's) to
Be Maſters of our manners: what neede I
Affect anothers gate, which is not catching
Where there is faith, or to be fond upon
Anothers way of ſpeech, when by mine owne
I may be reaſonably conceiv'd; ſav'd too,
Speaking it truly; why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follow'es his Taylor, haply ſo long untill
The follow'd, make purſuit? or let me know,
Why mine owne Barber is unbleſt, with him
My poore Chinne too, for tis not Cizard iuſt
To ſuch a Favorites glaſſe: What Cannon is there
That does command my Rapier from my hip
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip toe
Before the ſtreete be foule? Either I am
The fore-horſe in the Teame, or I am none
That draw i'th ſequent trace: theſe poore ſleight ſores,
Neede not a plantin; That which rips my boſome
Almoſt to'th heart's,

Arcite. Our Vncle *Creon.*

Pal. He,
A moſt unbounded Tyrant, whoſe ſucceſſes
Makes heaven unfeard, and villany aſſured
Beyond its power: there's nothing, almoſt puts
Faith in a feavour, and deifies alone
Voluble chance, who onely attributes
The faculties of other Inſtruments
To his owne Nerves and act; Commands men ſervice,
And what they winne in't, boot and glory on;
That feares not to do harm; good, dares not; Let
The blood of mine that's ſibbe to him, be ſuckt
From me with Leeches, Let them breake and fall
Off me with that corruption.

Arc. Cleere ſpirited Cozen
Lets leave his Court, that we may nothing ſhare,
Of his lowd infamy: for our milke,

Will reliſh of the paſture, and we muſt
Be vile, or diſobedient, not his kineſmen
In blood, unleſſe in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer:
I thinke the Ecchoes of his ſhames have dea'ft
The eares of heav'nly Iuſtice: widdows cryes
Deſcend againe into their throates, and have not: *Enter Va-*
Due audience of the Gods: *Valerius* *(lerius.*

Val. The King cals for you; yet be leaden footed
Till his great rage be off him. *Phebus* when
He broke his whipſtocke and exclaim'd againſt
The Horſes of the Sun, but whiſperd too
The lowdeneſſe of his Fury.

Pal. Small windes ſhake him,
But whats the matter?

Val. *Theſeus* (who where he threates appals,) hath ſent
Deadly defyance to him, and pronounces
Ruine to Thebs, who is at hand to ſeale
The promiſe of his wrath.

Arc. Let him approach;
But that we feare the Gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terrour to us; Yet what man
Thirds his owne worth (the caſe is each of ours)
When that his actions dregd, with minde aſſurd
Tis bad he goes about.

Pal. Leave that unreaſond.
Our ſervices ſtand now for Thebs, not *Creon*,
Yet to be neutrall to him, were diſhonour;
Rebellious to oppoſe: therefore we muſt
With him ſtand to the mercy of our Fate,
Who hath bounded our laſt minute.

Arc. So we muſt;
If ſed this warres afoote for it ſhall be
On faile of ſome condition.

Val. Tis in motion
The intelligence of ſtate came in the inſtant
With the defier.

Pal. Lets to the king, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour, which
His Enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not ſpent,
Rather laide out for purchaſe: but alas
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o'th ſtroke doe damage?
Arci. Let th'event,
That never erring Arbitratour, tell us
When we know all our ſelves, and let us follow
The becking of our chance. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 3. *Enter Pirithous, Hipolita, Emilia.*

Pir. No further.
Hip. Sir farewell; repeat my wiſhes
To our great Lord, of whoſe ſucces I dare not
Make any timerous queſtion, yet I wiſh him
Exces, and overflow of power, and't might be
To dure ill-dealing fortune; ſpeede to him,
Store never hurtes good Gouernours.
Pir. Though I know
His Ocean needes not my poore drops, yet they
Muſt yeild their tribute there: My precious Maide,
Thoſe beſt affections, that the heavens infuſe
In their beſt temperd peices, keepe enthroand
In your deare heart.
Emil. Thanckes Sir; Remember me
To our all royall Brother, for whoſe ſpeede
The great Bellona ile ſollicite; and
Since in our terrene State petitions are not
Without giftes underſtood: Ile offer to her
What I ſhall be adviſed ſhe likes; our hearts
Are in his Army in his Tent.
Hip. In's boſome:
We have bin Soldiers, and wee cannot weepe
When our Friends don their helmes, or put to ſea,
Or tell of Babes broachd on the Launce, or women

That have ſod their Infants in (and after eate them)
The brine, they wept at killing 'em; Then if
You ſtay to ſee of us ſuch Spinſters, we
Should hold you here for ever.
Pir. Peace be to you
As I purſue this war, which ſhall be then
Beyond further requiring. *Exit Pir.*
Emil. How his longing
Followes his Friend; ſince his depart, his ſportes
Though craving ſerioufnes, and skill, paſt ſlightly
His careles execution, where nor gaine
Made him regard, or loſſe conſider, but
Playing ore buſines in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his minde, nurſe equall
To theſe ſo diffring Twyns; have you obſerv'd him,
Since our great Lord departed?
Hip. With much labour:
And I did love him fort, they two have Cabind
In many as dangerous, as poore a Corner,
Perill and want contending, they have skift
Torrents whoſe roring tyranny and power
I'th leaſt of theſe was dreadfull, and they have
Fought out together, where Deaths-ſelfe was lodgd,
Yet fate hath brought them off: Their knot of love
Tide, weau'd, intangled, with ſo true, ſo long,
And with a finger of ſo deepe a cunning
May be outworne, never undone. I thinke
Theſeus cannot be umpire to himſelfe
Cleaving his conſcience into twaine, and doing
Each ſide like Iuſtice, which he loves beſt.
Emil. Doubtleſſe
There is a beſt, and reaſon has no manners
To ſay it is not you; I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoyd a Play-fellow;
You were at wars, when ſhe the grave enrichd,
Who made too proud the Bed, tooke leave o'th Moone
(which then lookt pale at parting) when our count
Was each a eleven.

Hip. Twas *Flauia.*

Emil. Yes

You talke of *Pirithous* and *Theſeus* loue;
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely ſeaſond,
More buckled with ſtrong Iudgement, and their needes
The one of th'other may be ſaid to water
Their intertangled rootes of loue, but I
And ſhee (I ſigh and ſpoke of) were things innocent,
Lou'd for we did, and like the Elements
That know not what, nor why, yet doe effect
Rare iſſues by their operance; our ſoules
Did ſo to one another; what ſhe lik'd,
Was then of me approov'd, what not condemd
No more arraignement, the flowre that I would plucke
And put betweene my breaſts, oh! then but beginning
To ſwell about the bloſſome) ſhe would long
Till ſhee had ſuch another, and commit it
To the like innocent Cradle, where *Phenix* like
They dide in perfume: on my head no toy
But was her patterne, her affections (pretty
Though happely, her careles, were, I followed
For my moſt ſerious decking, had mine eare
Stolne ſome new aire, or at adventure humd on
From miſicall Coynadge; why it was a note
Whereon her ſpirits would ſojourne (rather dwell on)
And ſing it in her ſlumbers; This rehearſall
(Which fury-innocent wots well) comes in
Like old importments baſtard, has this end,
That the true loue tweene Mayde, and mayde, may be
More then in ſex individuall.

Hip. Y'are ont of breath
And this high ſpeeded-pace, is but to ſay
That you ſhall never (like the Maide *Flavina*)
Loue any that's calld Man.

Emil. I am ſure I ſhall not.

Hip. Now alacke weake Siſter,
I muſt no more beleeve thee in this point
(Though, in't I know thou doſt beleeve thy ſelfe,)

2. Hearſes ready with Palamon and Arcite: the 3. Queenes. Theſeus and his Lordes ready.

Then

Then I will truſt a ſickely appetite,
That loathes even as it longs, but ſure my Siſter
If I were ripe for your perſwaſion, you
Have ſaide enough to ſhake me from the Arme
Of the all noble *Theſeus*, for whoſe fortunes,
I will now in, and kneele with great aſſurance,
That we, more then his *Pirothous*, poſſeſſe
The high throne in his heart.

Emil. I am not againſt your faith,
Yet I continew mine. *Exeunt.*

Cornets.

Scæna 4. *A Battaile ſtrooke within: Then a Retrait: Floriſh. Then Enter Theſeus (victor) the three Queenes meete him, and fall on their faces before him.*

1. *Qu.* To thee no ſtarre be darke.

2. *Qu.* Both heaven and earth
Friend thee for ever.

3. *Qu.* All the good that may
Be wiſhd upon thy head, I cry Amen too't. (vens

Theſ. Th'imparciall Gods, who from the mounted hea-
View us their mortall Heard, behold who erre,
And in their time chaſtice: goe and finde out
The bones of your dead Lords, and honour them
With treble Ceremonie, rather then a gap
Should be in their deere rights, we would ſuppl'it.
But thoſe we will depute, which ſhall inveſt
You in your dignities, and even each thing
Our haſt does leave imperfect; So adiew
And heavens good eyes looke on you. what are thoſe?

Exeunt Queenes.

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judgd
By their appointment; Some of Thebs have told's
They are Siſters children, Nephewes to the King.

Theſ. By'th Helme of Mars, I ſaw them in the war,
Like to a paire of Lions, ſmeard with prey,
Make lanes in troopes agaſt. I fixt my note
Conſtantly on them; for they were a marke

Worth

Worth a god's view: what priſoner was't that told me
When I enquired their names?
Herald. We leave, they'r called
Arcite and *Palamon*,
Theſ. Tis right, thoſe, thoſe
They are not dead?
Her. Nor in a ſtate of life, had they bin taken
3. Hearſes ready. When their laſt hurts were given, 'twas poſſible
They might have bin recovered; Yet they breathe
And haue the name of men.
Theſ. Then like men uſe 'em
The very lees of ſuch (millions of rates)
Exceede the wine of others: all our Surgions
Convent in their behoofe, our richeſt balmes
Rather then niggard waſt, their lives concerne us,
Much more then Thebs is worth, rather then have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning ſtate
(Sound and at liberty) I would 'em dead,
But forty thouſand fold, we had rather have 'em
Priſoners to us, then death; Beare 'em ſpeedily
From our kinde aire, to them unkinde, and miniſter
What man to man may doe for our ſake more,
Since I have knowne frights, fury, friends, beheaſtes,
Loves, provocations, zeale, a miſtris Taske,
Deſire of liberty, a feavour, madnes,
Hath ſet a marke which nature could not reach too
Without ſome impoſition, ſicknes in will
Or wraſtling ſtrength in reaſon, for our Love
And great *Appollos* mercy, all our beſt,
Their beſt skill tender. Leade into the Citty,
Where having bound things ſcatterd, we will poſt *Floriſh.*
To Athens for our Army. *Exeunt.*

Muſicke.

Scæna 5. *Enter the Queenes with the Hearſes of their Knightes, in a Funerall Solempnity, &c.*

Vrnes, and odours, bring away,
Vapours, ſighes, darken the day;

Our

Our dole more deadly lookes than dying
Balmes, and Gummes, and heavy cheeres,
Sacred vials fill'd with teares,
And clamors through the wild ayre flying.

Come all ſad, and ſolempne Showes,
That are quick-eyd pleaſures foes;
We convent nought elſe but woes. *We convent, &c.*

3. *Qu.* This funeral path, brings to your houſholds grave:
Ioy ceaze on you againe: peace ſleepe with him.
2. *Qu.* And this to yours.
1. *Qu.* Yours this way: Heavens lend
A thouſand differing waies, to one ſure end.
3. *Qu.* This world's a Citty full of ſtraying Streetes,
And Death's the market place, where each one meetes.
Exeunt ſeverally.

Actus Secundus.

Scæna 1. *Enter Iailor, and Wooer.*

Iailor. I may depart with little, while I live, ſome thing I
May caſt to you, not much: Alas the Priſon I
Keepe, though it be for great ones, yet they ſeldome
Come; Before one *Salmon*, you ſhall take a number
Of Minnowes: I am given out to be better lyn'd
Then it can appeare, to me report is a true
Speaker: I would I were really, that I am
Deliverd to be: Marry, what I have (be it what
it will) I will aſſure upon my daughter at
The day of my death.
Wooer. Sir I demaund no more then your owne offer,
And I will eſtate your Daughter in what I
Have promiſed,

Iailor. Wel, we will talke more of this, when the ſolemnity
Is paſt; But have you a full promiſe of her?

Enter Daughter.

When that ſhall be ſeene, I tender my conſent.
Wooer. I have Sir; here ſhee comes.
Iailor. Your Friend and I have chanced to name
You here, upon the old buſines: But no more of that.
Now, ſo ſoone as the Court hurry is over, we will
Have an end of it: I'th meane time looke tenderly
To the two Priſoners. I can tell you they are princes.
Daug. Theſe ſtrewings are for their Chamber; tis pitty they
Are in priſon, and twer pitty they ſhould be out: I
Doe thinke they have patience to make any adverſity
Aſham'd; the priſon it ſelfe is proud of 'em; and
They have all the world in their Chamber.
Iailor. They are fam'd to be a paire of abſolute men.
Daugh. By my troth, I think Fame but ſtammers 'em, they
Stand a greiſe above the reach of report. (doers.
Iai. I heard them reported in the Battaile, to be the only
Daugh. Nay moſt likely, for they are noble ſuffrers; I
Mervaile how they would have lookd had they beene
Victors, that with ſuch a conſtant Nobility, enforce
A freedome out of Bondage, making miſery their
Mirth, and affliction, a toy to jeſt at.
Iailor. Doe they ſo?
Daug. It ſeemes to me they have no more ſence of their
Captivity, then I of ruling Athens: they eate
Well, looke merrily, diſcourſe of many things,
But nothing of their owne reſtraint, and diſaſters:
Yet ſometime a devided ſigh, martyrd as twer
I'th deliverance, will breake from one of them.
When the other preſently gives it ſo ſweete a rebuke,
That I could wiſh my ſelfe a Sigh to be ſo chid,
Or at leaſt a Sigher to be comforted.
Wooer. I never ſaw 'em.
Iailor. The Duke himſelfe came privately in the night,

Enter Palamon, and Arcite, above.

And ſo did they, what the reaſon of it is, I

Know not: Looke yonder they are; that's
Arcite lookes out.
Daugh. No Sir, no, that's *Palamon*: *Arcite* is the
Lower of the twaine; you may perceive a part
Of him.
Iai. Goe too, leave your pointing; they would not
Make us their object; out of their ſight.
Daugh. It is a holliday to looke on them: Lord, the
Diffrence of men. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Palamon, and Arcite in priſon.*

Pal. How doe you Noble Coſen?
Arcite. How doe you Sir?
Pal. Why ſtrong inough to laugh at miſery,
And beare the chance of warre yet, we are priſoners
I feare for ever Coſen.
Arcite. I beleeve it,
And to that deſtiny have patiently
Laide up my houre to come.
Pal. Oh Coſen *Arcite*,
Where is Thebs now? where is our noble Country?
Where are our friends, and kindreds? never more
Muſt we behold thoſe comforts, never ſee
The hardy youthes ſtrive for the Games of honour
(Hung with the painted favours of their Ladies)
Like tall Ships under ſaile: then ſtart among'ſt 'em
And as an Eaſtwind leave 'em all behinde us,
Like lazy Clowdes, whilſt *Palamon* and *Arcite*,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg
Out-ſtript the peoples praiſes, won the Garlands,
Ere they have time to wiſh 'em ours. O never
Shall we two exerciſe, like Twyns of honour,
Our Armes againe, and feele our fyry horſes
Like proud Seas under us, our good Swords, now
(Better the red-eyd god of war nev'r were)
Braviſhd our ſides, like age muſt run to ruſt,
And decke the Temples of thoſe gods that hate us,

Theſe hands ſhall never draw'em out like lightning
To blaſt whole Armies more.
Arcite. No *Palamon*,
Thoſe hopes are Priſoners with us, here we are
And here the graces of our youthes muſt wither
Like a too-timely Spring; here age muſt finde us,
And which is heavieſt (*Palamon*) unmarried,
The ſweete embraces of a loving wife
Loden with kiſſes, armd with thouſand Cupids
Shall never claſpe our neckes, no iſſue know us,
No figures of our ſelves ſhall we ev'r ſee,
To glad our age, and like young Eagles teach'em
Boldly to gaze againſt bright armes, and ſay
Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.
The faire-eyd Maides, ſhall weepe our Baniſhments,
And in their Songs, curſe ever-blinded fortune
Till ſhee for ſhame ſee what a wrong ſhe has done
To youth and nature; This is all our world;
We ſhall know nothing here but one another,
Heare nothing but the Clocke that tels our woes.
The Vine ſhall grow, but we ſhall never ſee it:
Sommer ſhall come, and with her all delights;
But dead-cold winter muſt inhabite here ſtill.
Pal. Tis too true *Arcite*. To our Theban houndes,
That ſhooke the aged Forreſt with their ecchoes,
No more now muſt we halloa, no more ſhake
Our pointed Iavelyns, whilſt the angry Swine
Flyes like a parthian quiver from our rages,
Strucke with our well-ſteeld Darts: All valiant uſes,
(The foode, and nouriſhment of noble mindes,)
In us two here ſhall periſh; we ſhall die
(which is the curſe of honour) laſtly,
Children of greife, and Ignorance.
Arc. Yet Coſen,
Even from the bottom of theſe miſeries
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I ſee two comforts ryſing, two meere bleſſings,
If the gods pleaſe, to hold here a brave patience,

And the enjoying of our greefes together.
Whilſt *Palamon* is with me, let me periſh
If I thinke this our priſon.
Pala. Certeinly,
Tis a maine goodnes Coſen, that our fortunes
Were twyn'd together; tis moſt true, two ſoules
Put in two noble Bodies, let'em ſuffer
The gaule of hazard, ſo they grow together,
Will never ſincke; they muſt not, ſay they could,
A willing man dies ſleeping, and all's done.
Arc. Shall we make worthy uſes of this place
That all men hate ſo much?
Pal. How gentle Coſen?
Arc. Let's thinke this priſon, holy ſanctuary,
To keepe us from corruption of worſe men,
We are young and yet deſire the waies of honour,
That liberty and common Converſation
The poyſon of pure ſpirits; might like women
Wooe us to wander from. What worthy bleſſing
Can be but our Imaginations
May make it ours? And heere being thus together,
We are an endles mine to one another;
We are one anothers wife, ever begetting
New birthes of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance,
We are in one another, Families,
I am your heire, and you are mine: This place
Is our Inheritance: no hard Oppreſſour
Dare take this from us; here with a little patience
We ſhall live long, and loving: No ſurfeits ſeeke us:
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the Seas
Swallow their youth: were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or buſines,
Quarrels conſume us, Envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance, I might ſicken Coſen,
Where you ſhould never know it, and ſo periſh
Without your noble hand to cloſe mine eies,
Or praiers to the gods; a thouſand chaunces
Were we from hence, would ſeaver us.

Pal. You have made me
(I thanke you Coſen *Arcite*) almoſt wanton
With my Captivity: what a miſery
It is to live abroade? and every where:
Tis like a Beaſt me thinkes: I finde the Court here,
I am ſure a more content, and all thoſe pleaſures
That wooe the wils of men to vanity,
I ſee through now, and am ſufficient
To tell the world, tis but a gaudy ſhaddow,
That old Time, as he paſſes by takes with him.
What had we bin old in the Court of *Creon*,
Where ſin is Iuſtice, luſt, and ignorance,
The vertues of the great ones: Coſen *Arcite*,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us
We had died as they doe, ill old men, unwept,
And had their Epitaphes, the peoples Curſes,
Shall I ſay more?
Arc. I would heare you ſtill.
Pal. Ye ſhall.
Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better then we doe *Arcite*?
Arc. Sure there cannot.
Pal. I doe not thinke it poſſible our friendſhip
Should ever leave us.
Arc. Till our deathes it cannot

Enter Emilia and her woman.

And after death our ſpirits ſhall be led
To thoſe that love eternally. Speake on Sir.
This garden has a world of pleaſures in't.
Emil. What Flowre is this?
Wom. Tis calld Narciſſus Madam.
Emil. That was a faire Boy certaine, but a foole,
To love himſelfe, were there not maides enough?
Arc. Pray forward.
Pal. Yes.
Emil. Or were they all hard hearted?
Wom. They could not be to one ſo faire.
Emil. Thou wouldſt not.

Wom.

Wom. I thinke I ſhould not, Madam.
Emil. That's a good wench:
But take heede to your kindnes though.
Wom. Why Madam?
Emil. Men are mad things.
Arcite. Will ye goe forward Coſen?
Emil. Canſt not thou worke ſuch flowers in ſilke wench?
Wom. Yes.
Emil. Ile have a gowne full of 'em and of theſe,
This is a pretty colour, wilt not doe
Rarely upon a Skirt wench?
Wom. Deinty Madam.
Arc. Coſen, Coſen, how doe you Sir? Why *Palamon*?
Pal. Never till now I was in priſon *Arcite*.
Arc. Why whats the matter Man?
Pal. Behold, and wonder.
By heaven ſhee is a Goddeſſe.
Arcite. Ha.
Pal. Doe reverence.
She is a Goddeſſe *Arcite*.
Emil. Of all Flowres,
Me thinkes a Roſe is beſt.
Wom. Why gentle Madam?
Emil. It is the very Embleme of a Maide.
For when the weſt wind courts her gently
How modeſtly ſhe blowes, and paints the Sun,
With her chaſte bluſhes? When the North comes neere her,
Rude and impatient, then, like Chaſtity
Shee lockes her beauties in her bud againe,
And leaves him to baſe briers.
Wom. Yet good Madam,
Sometimes her modeſty will blow ſo far
She fals for't: a Mayde
If ſhee have any honour, would be loth
To take example by her.
Emil. Thou art wanton.
Arc. She is wondrous faire.
Pal. She is all the beauty extant.

Emil.

Emil. The Sun grows high, lets walk in, keep theſe flowers,
Weele ſee how neere Art can come neere their colours;
I am wondrous merry hearted, I could laugh now.
Wom. I could lie downe I am ſure.
Emil. And take one with you?
Wom. That's as we bargaine Madam,
Emil. Well, agree then.

Exeunt Emilia and woman.

Pal. What thinke you of this beauty?
Arc. Tis a rare one.
Pal. Is't but a rare one?
Arc. Yes a matchles beauty.
Pal. Might not a man well loſe himſelfe and love her?
Arc. I cannot tell what you have done, I have,
Beſhrew mine eyes for't, now I feele my Shackles.
Pal. You love her then?
Arc. Who would not?
Pal. And deſire her?
Arc. Before my liberty.
Pal. I ſaw her firſt.
Arc. That's nothing
Pal. But it ſhall be.
Arc. I ſaw her too.
Pal. Yes, but you muſt not love her.
Arc. I will not as you doe; to worſhip her;
As ſhe is heavenly, and a bleſſed Goddes;
(I love her as a woman, to enjoy her)
So both may love.
Pal. You ſhall not love at all.
Arc. Not love at all.
Who ſhall deny me?
Pal. I that firſt ſaw her; I that tooke poſſeſſion
Firſt with mine eye of all thoſe beauties
In her reveald to mankinde: if thou lou'ſt her.
Or entertain'ſt a hope to blaſt my wiſhes,
Thou art a Traytour *Arcite* and a fellow
Falſe as thy Title to her: friendſhip, blood
And all the tyes betweene us I diſclaime

If thou once thinke upon her.
Arc. Yes I love her,
And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I muſt doe ſo, I love her with my ſoule,
If that will loſe ye, farewell *Palamon*,
I ſay againe, I love, and in loving her maintaine
I am as worthy, and as free a lover
And have as juſt a title to her beauty
As any *Palamon* or any living
That is a mans Sonne.
Pal. Have I cald thee friend?
Arc. Yes, and have found me ſo; why are you mov'd thus?
Let me deale coldly with you, am not I
Part of you blood, part of your ſoule? you have told me
That I was *Palamon*, and you were *Arcite*.
Pal. Yes.
Arc. Am not I liable to thoſe affections,
Thoſe joyes, greifes, angers, feares, my friend ſhall ſuffer?
Pal. Ye may be.
Arc. Why then would you deale ſo cunningly,
So ſtrangely, ſo vnlike a noble kineſman
To love alone? ſpeake truely, doe you thinke me
Vnworthy of her ſight?
Pal. No; but unjuſt,
If thou purſue that ſight.
Arc. Because an other
Firſt ſees the Enemy, ſhall I ſtand ſtill
And let mine honour downe, and never charge?
Pal. Yes, if he be but one.
Arc. But ſay that one
Had rather combat me?
Pal. Let that one ſay ſo,
And uſe thy freedome: els if thou purſueſt her,
Be as that curſed man that hates his Country,
A branded villaine.
Arc. You are mad.
Pal. I muſt be.
Till thou art worthy, *Arcite*, it concernes me,

And in this madnes, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deale but truely.
Arc. Fie Sir.
You play the Childe extreamely: I will love her,
I muſt, I ought to doe ſo, and I dare,
And all this juſtly.
Pal. O that now, that now
Thy falſe-ſelfe and thy friend, had but this fortune
To be one howre at liberty, and graſpe
Our good Swords in our hands, I would quickly teach thee
What tw'er to filch affection from another:
Thou art baſer in it then a Cutpurſe;
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And as I have a ſoule, Ile naile thy life too't.
Arc. Thou dar'ſt not foole, thou canſt not, thou art feeble.
Put my head out? Ile throw my Body out,
And leape the garden, when I ſee her next
Enter Keeper.
And pitch between her armes to anger thee.
Pal. No more; the keeper's comming; I ſhall live
To knocke thy braines out with my Shackles.
Arc. Doe.
Keeper. By your leave Gentlemen:
Pala. Now honeſt keeper?
Keeper. Lord *Arcite*, you muſt preſently to'th Duke;
The cauſe I know not yet.
Arc. I am ready keeper.
Keeper, Prince *Palamon*, I muſt awhile bereave you
Of your faire Coſens Company.
Exeunt Arcite, and Keeper.
Pal. And me too,
Even when you pleaſe of life; why is he ſent for?
It may be he ſhall marry her, he's goodly,
And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body: But his falſehood,
Why ſhould a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife ſo noble, and ſo faire;
Let honeſt men ne're love againe. Once more

I would but ſee this faire One: Bleſſed Garden,
And fruite, and flowers more bleſſed that ſtill bloſſom
As her bright eies ſhine on ye. would I were
For all the fortune of my life hereafter
Yon little Tree, yon blooming Apricocke;
How I would ſpread, and fling my wanton armes
In at her window; I would bring her fruite
Fit for the Gods to feed on: youth and pleaſure
Still as ſhe taſted ſhould be doubled on her,
And if ſhe be not heavenly I would make her
So neere the Gods in nature, they ſhould feare her.
Enter Keeper.
And then I am ſure ſhe would love me: how now keeper
Wher's *Arcite*,
Keeper, Baniſhd: Prince *Pirithous*
Obtained his liberty; but never more
Vpon his oth and life muſt he ſet foote
Vpon this Kingdome.
Pal. Hees a bleſſed man,
He ſhall ſee Thebs againe, and call to Armes
The bold yong men, that when he bids 'em charge,
Fall on like fire: *Arcite* ſhall have a Fortune,
If he dare make himſelfe a worthy Lover,
Yet in the Feild to ſtrike a battle for her;
And if he loſe her then, he's a cold Coward;
How bravely may he beare himſelfe to win her
If he be noble *Arcite*, thouſand waies.
Were I at liberty, I would doe things
Of ſuch a vertuous greatnes, that this Lady,
This bluſhing virgine ſhould take manhood to her
And ſeeke to raviſh me.
Keeper, My Lord for you
I have this charge too.
Pal. To diſcharge my life.
Keep. No, but from this place to remoove your Lordſhip,
The windowes are too open.
Pal. Devil's take 'em
That are ſo envious to me; pre'thee kill me.

Keep. And hang for't afterward.
Pal. By this good light
Had I a ſword I would kill thee.
Keep, Why my Lord?
Pal. Thou bringſt ſuch pelting ſcuruy news continually
Thou art not worthy life; I will not goe.
Keep. Indeede yon muſt my Lord.
Pal. May I ſee the garden?
Keep. Noe.
Pal. Then I am reſolud, I will not goe. (rous
Keep. I muſt conſtraine you then; and for you are dange-
Ile clap more yrons on you.
Pal. Doe good keeper.
Ile ſhake 'em ſo, ye ſhall not ſleepe,
Ile make ye a new Morriſſe, muſt I goe?
Keep. There is no remedy.
Pal. Farewell kinde window.
May rude winde never hurt thee. O my Lady
If ever thou haſt felt what ſorrow was,
Dreame how I ſuffer. Come; now bury me.
Exeunt Palamon, and Keeper.

Scæna 3. *Enter Arcite.*

Arcite. Baniſhd the kingdome? tis a benefit,
A mercy I muſt thanke 'em for, but baniſhd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh twas a ſtuddied puniſhment, a death
Beyond Imagination: Such a vengeance
That were I old and wicked, all my ſins
Could never plucke upon me. *Palamon*;
Thou ha'ſt the Start now, thou ſhalt ſtay and ſee
Her bright eyes breake each morning gainſt thy window,
And let in life into thee; thou ſhalt feede
Vpon the ſweetenes of a noble beauty,
That nature nev'r exceeded, nor nev'r ſhall:
Good gods? what happines has *Palamon?*
Twenty to one, hee'le come to ſpeake to her,
And if ſhe be as gentle, as ſhe's faire,

I know ſhe's his, he has a Tongue will tame (can come
Tempeſts, and make the wild Rockes wanton. Come what
The worſt is death; I will not leave the Kingdome,
I know mine owne, is but a heape of ruins,
And no redreſſe there, if I goe, he has her.
I am reſolu'd an other ſhape ſhall make me,
Or end my fortunes. Either way, I am happy:
Ile ſee her, and be neere her, or no more.

Enter 4. Country people, & one with a Garlon before them.

1, My Maſters, ile be there that's certaine.
2. And Ile be there.
3. And I.
4. Why then have with ye Boyes; Tis but a chiding,
Let the plough play to day, ile tick't out
Of the lades tailes to morrow.
1. I am ſure
To have my wife as jealous as a Turkey:
But that's all one, ile goe through, let her mumble.
2. Clap her aboard to morrow night, and ſtoa her,
And all's made up againe.
3. I, doe but put a feskue in her fiſt, and you ſhall ſee her
Take a new leſſon out, and be a good wench.
Doe we all hold, againſt the Maying?
4. Hold? what ſhould aile us?
3. *Arcas* will be there.
2. And *Sennois*.
And *Rycas*, and 3. better lads nev'r danc'd under green Tree,
And yet know what wenches: ha?
But will the dainty Domine, the Schoolemaſter keep touch
Doe you thinke: for he do's all ye know.
3. Hee'l eate a hornebooke ere he faile: goe too, the mat-
ter's too farre driven betweene him, and the Tanners daugh-
ter, to let ſlip now, and ſhe muſt ſee the Duke, and ſhe muſt
daunce too.
4. Shall we be lufty.
2. All the Boyes in Athens blow wind i'th breech on's,

and heere ile be and there ile be, for our Towne, and here againe, and there againe: ha, Boyes, heigh for the weavers.

1. This muſt be done i'th woods.

4. O pardon me.

2. By any meanes our thing of learning ſees ſo: where he himſelfe will edifie the Duke moſt parlouſly in our behalfes: hees excellent i'th woods, bring him to'th plaines, his learning makes no cry.

3. Weele ſee the ſports, then every man to's Tackle: and Sweete Companions lets rehearſe by any meanes before The Ladies ſee us, and doe ſweetly, and God knows what May come on't.

4. Content; the ſports once ended, wee'l performe. Away Boyes and hold.

Arc. By your leaves honeſt friends: pray you whither goe you.

4. Whither? why, what a queſtion's that?

Arc. Yes, tis a queſtion, to me that know not.

3. To the *Games* my Friend.

2. Where were you bred you know it not?

Arc. Not farre Sir,
Are there ſuch *Games* to day?

1. Yes marry are there:
And ſuch as you neuer ſaw; The *Duke* himſelfe
Will be in perſon there.

Arc. What paſtimes are they?

2. Wraſtling, and Running; 'Tis a pretty Fellow.

3. Thou wilt not goe along.

Arc. Not yet Sir.

4. Well Sir
Take your owne time, come Boyes

1. My minde miſgives me
This fellow has a veng'ance tricke o'th hip,
Marke how his Bodi's made for't

2. Ile be hangd though
If he dare venture, hang him plumb porredge,
He wraſtle? he roſt eggs. Come lets be gon Lads. *Exeunt 4.*

Arc.

Arc. This is an offerd oportunity
I durſt not wiſh for. Well, I could have wreſtled,
The beſt men call'd it excellent, and run
Swifter, then winde upon a feild of Corne
(Curling the wealthy eares) never flew: Ile venture,
And in ſome poore diſguize be there, who knowes
Whether my browes may not be girt with garlands?
And happines preferre me to a place,
Where I may ever dwell in ſight of her. *Exit Arcite,*

Scæna 4. *Enter Iaylors Daughter alone.*

Daugh. Why ſhould I love this Gentleman? 'Tis odds
He never will affect me; I am baſe,
My Father the meane Keeper of his Priſon,
And he a prince; To marry him is hopeleſſe;
To be his whore, is witles; Out upon't;
What puſhes are we wenches driven to
When fifteene once has found us? Firſt I ſaw him,
I (ſeeing) thought he was a goodly man;
He has as much to pleaſe a woman in him,
(If he pleaſe to beſtow it ſo) as ever
Theſe eyes yet lookt on; Next, I pittied him,
And ſo would any young wench o'my Conſcience
That ever dream'd, or vow'd her Maydenhead
To a yong handſom Man; Then I lov'd him,
(Extreamely lov'd him) infinitely lov'd him;
And yet he had a Coſen, faire as he too.
But in my heart was *Palamon*, and there
Lord, what a coyle he keepes? To heare him
Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is?
And yet his Songs are ſad ones; Fairer ſpoken,
Was never Gentleman. When I come in
To bring him water in a morning, firſt
He bowes his noble body, then ſalutes me, thus:
Faire, gentle Mayde, good morrow, may thy goodnes,
Get thee a happy husband; Once he kiſt me,
I lov'd my lips the better ten daies after,
Would he would doe ſo ev'ry day; He greives much,
And me as much to ſee his miſery.

What

What ſhould I doe, to make him know I love him,
For I would faine enjoy him? Say I ventur'd
To ſet him free? what ſaies the law then? Thus much
For Law, or kindred: I will doe it,
And this night, or to morrow he ſhall love me. *Exit.*

This ſhort florish of Cornets and Showtes within.

Scæna 4. *Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Pirithous, Emilia: Arcite with a Garland, &c.*

Theſ. You have done worthily; I have not ſeene
Since *Hercules*, a man of tougher ſynewes;
What ere you are, you run the beſt, and wraſtle,
That theſe times can allow.
Arcite. I am proud to pleaſe you.
Theſ. What Countrie bred you?
Arcite. This; but far off, Prince.
Theſ. Are you a Gentleman?
Arcite. My father ſaid ſo;
And to thoſe gentle uſes gave me life.
Theſ. Are you his heire?
Arcite. His yongeſt Sir.
Theſ. Your Father
Sure is a happy Sire then: what prooves you?
Arcite. A little of all noble Quallities:
I could have kept a Hawke, and well have holloa'd
To a deepe crie of Dogges; I dare not praiſe
My feat in horſemanſhip; yet they that knew me
Would ſay it was my beſt peece: laſt, and greateſt,
I would be thought a Souldier.
Theſ. You are perfect.
Pirith. Vpon my ſoule, a proper man.
Emilia. He is ſo.
Per. How doe you like him Ladie?
Hip. I admire him,
I have not ſeene ſo yong a man, ſo noble
(If he ſay true,) of his ſort.
Emil. Beleeve,
His mother was a wondrous handſome woman,
His face me thinkes, goes that way.
Hyp. But his Body

And firie minde, illuſtrate a brave Father.
Per. Marke how his vertue, like a hidden Sun
Breakes through his baſer garments.
Hyp. Hee's well got ſure.
Theſ. What made you ſeeke this place Sir?
Arc. Noble *Theſeus*,
To purchaſe name, and doe my ableſt ſervice
To ſuch a well-found wonder, as thy worth,
For onely in thy Court, of all the world
dwells faire-eyd honor.
Per. All his words are worthy.
Theſ. Sir, we are much endebted to your travell,
Nor ſhall you looſe your wiſh: *Perithous*
Diſpoſe of this faire Gentleman.
Perith. Thankes *Theſeus*.
What ere you are y'ar mine, and I ſhall give you
To a moſt noble ſervice, to this Lady,
This bright yong Virgin; pray obſerve her goodneſſe;
You have honourd hir faire birth-day, with your vertues,
And as your due y'ar hirs: kiſſe her faire hand Sir.
Arc. Sir, y'ar a noble Giver; deareſt Bewtie,
Thus let me ſeale my vowd faith: when your Servant
(Your moſt unworthie Creature) but offends you,
Command him die, he ſhall.
Emil. That were too cruell.
If you deſerve well Sir; I ſhall ſoone ſee't: (you.
Y'ar mine, and ſomewhat better than your rancke Ile uſe
Per. Ile ſee you furniſh'd, and becauſe you ſay
You are a horſeman, I muſt needs intreat you
This after noone to ride, but tis a rough one.
Arc. I like him better (Prince) I ſhall not then
Freeze in my Saddle.
Theſ. Sweet, you muſt be readie,
And you *Emilia*, and you (Friend) and all
To morrow by the Sun, to doe obſervance
To flowry May, in *Dians* wood: waite well Sir
Vpon your Miſtris: *Emely*, I hope
He ſhall not goe a foote.

Emil. That were a ſhame Sir,
While I have horſes: take your choice, and what
You want at any time, let me but know it;
If you ſerve faithfully, I dare aſſure you
You'l finde a loving Miſtris.
Arc. If I doe not,
Let me finde that my Father ever hated,
Diſgrace, and blowes.
Thes. Go leade the way; you have won it:
It ſhall be ſo; you ſhall receave all dues
Fit for the honour you have won; Twer wrong elſe,
Siſter, beſhrew my heart, you have a Servant,
That if I were a woman, would be Maſter,
But you are wiſe. *Floriſh.*
Emil. I hope too wiſe for that Sir. *Exeunt omnes.*

Scæna 6. *Enter Iaylors Daughter alone.*

Daughter. Let all the Dukes, and all the divells rore,
He is at liberty: I have venturd for him,
And out I have brought him to a little wood
A mile hence, I have ſent him, where a Cedar
Higher than all the reſt, ſpreads like a plane
Faſt by a Brooke, and there he ſhall keepe cloſe,
Till I provide him Fyles, and foode, for yet
His yron bracelets are not off. O Love
What a ſtout hearted child thou art! My Father
Durſt better have indur'd cold yron, than done it:
I love him, beyond love, and beyond reaſon,
Or wit, or ſafetie: I have made him know it
I care not, I am deſperate, If the law
Finde me, and then condemne me for't; ſome wenches,
Some honeſt harted Maides, will ſing my Dirge.
And tell to memory, my death was noble,
Dying almoſt a Martyr: That way he takes,
I purpoſe is my way too: Sure he cannot
Be ſo unmanly, as to leave me here,
If he doe, Maides will not ſo eaſily
Truſt men againe: And yet he has not thank'd me
For what I have done: no not ſo much as kiſt me,

And that (me thinkes) is not ſo well; nor ſcarcely
Could I perſwade him to become a Freeman,
He made ſuch ſcruples of the wrong he did
To me, and to my Father. Yet I hope
When he conſiders more, this love of mine
Will take more root within him: Let him doe
What he will with me, ſo he uſe me kindly,
For uſe me ſo he ſhall, or ile proclaime him
And to his face, no-man: Ile preſently
Provide him neceſſaries, and packe my cloathes up.
And where there is a path of ground Ile venture
So hee be with me; By him, like a ſhadow
Ile ever dwell; within this houre the whoobub
Will be all ore the priſon: I am then
Kiſſing the man they looke for: farewell Father;
Get many more ſuch priſoners, and ſuch daughters,
And ſhortly you may keepe your ſelfe. Now to him.

Actus Tertius.

Corners in ſundry places. Noiſe and hallowing as people a Maying:

Scæna 1. *Enter Arcite alone.*

Arcite. The Duke has loſt Hypolita; each tooke
A ſeverall land. This is a ſolemne Right
They owe bloomd May, and the *Athenians* pay it
To'th heart of Ceremony: O Queene *Emilia*
Freſher then May, ſweeter
Then hir gold Buttons on the bowes, or all
Th'enamelld knackes o'th Meade, or garden, yea
(We challenge too) the bancke of any Nymph
That makes the ſtreame ſeeme flowers; thou o Iewell
O'th wood, o'th world, haſt likewiſe bleſt a pace
With thy ſole preſence, in thy rumination
That I poore man might eftſoones come betweene
And chop on ſome cold thought, thrice bleſſed chance
To drop on ſuch a Miſtris, expectation
moſt giltleſſe on't: tell me O Lady Fortune
(Next after *Emely* my Soveraigne) how far

I may be prowd. She takes ſtrong note of me,
Hath made me neere her ; and this beutcous Morne
(The prim'ſt of all the yeare)preſents me with
A brace of horſes,two ſuch Steeds might well
Be by a paire of Kings backt,in a Field
That their crownes titles tride : Alas,alas
Poore Coſen *Palamon*,poore priſoner,thou
So little dream'ſt upon my fortune,that
Thou thinkſt thy ſelfe, the happier thing,to be
So neare *Emilia*,me thou deem'ſt at *Thebs*,
And therein wretched,although free ; But if
Thou knew'ſt my Miſtris breathd on me,and that
I ear'd her language , livde in her eye; O Coz
What paſſion would encloſe thee.

Enter Palamon as out of a Buſh, with his Shackles : bends his fiſt at Arcite.

Palamon. Traytor kinſeman,
Thou ſhouldſt perceive my paſſion,if theſe ſignes
Of priſonment were off me,and this hand
But owner of a Sword : By all othes in one
I,and the iuſtice of my love would make thee
A confeſt Traytor,o thou moſt perſidious
That ever gently lookd the voydes of honour.
That eu'r bore gentle Token ; falſeſt Coſen
That ever blood made kin,call'ſt thou hir thine?
Ile prove it in my Shackles,with theſe hands,
Void of appointment,that thou ly'ſt,and art
A very theefe in love,a Chaffy Lord
Nor worth the name of villaine : had I a Sword
And theſe houſe clogges away.

Arc. Deere Coſin *Palamon*,

Pal. Coſoner *Arcite*,give me language,ſuch
As thou haſt ſhewd me feate.

Arc. Not finding in
The circuit of my breaſt,any groſſe ſtuffe
To forme me like your blazon,holds me to
This gentleneſſe of anſwer;tis your paſſion
That thus miſtakes,the which to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind : honor,and honeſtie

I cheriſh,and depend on,how ſo ev'r
You skip them in me,and with them faire Coz
Ile maintaine my proceedings ; pray be pleaſ'd
To ſhew in generous termes,your griefes,ſince that
Your queſtion's with your equall,who profeſſes
To cleare his owne way,with the minde and Sword
Of a true Gentleman.

Pal. That thou durſt *Arcite*.

Arc. My Coz,my Coz,you have beene well advertiſ'd
How much I dare,y'ave ſeene me uſe my Sword
Againſt th'advice of feare: ſure of another
You would not heare me doubted,but your ſilence
Should breake out,though i'th Sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,
I have ſeene you move in ſuch a place,which well
Might juſtifie your manhood,you were calld (faire
A good knight and a bold ; But the whole weeke's not
If any day it rayne : Their valiant temper
Men looſe when they encline to trecherie,
And then they fight like compelld Beares,would fly
Were they not tyde.

Arc. Kinſman,you might as well
Speake this,and act it in your Glaſſe,as to
His eare,which now diſdaines you.

Pal. Come up to me,
Quit me of theſe cold Gyves,give me a Sword
Though it be ruſtie,and the charity
Of one meale lend me;Come before me then
A good Sword in thy hand,and doe but ſay
That *Emily* is thine,I will forgive
The treſpaſſe thou haſt done me,yea my life
If then thou carry't,and brave ſoules in ſhades
That have dyde manly,which will ſeeke of me
Some newes from earth,they ſhall get none but this
That thou art brave,and noble.

Arc. Be content,
Againe betake you to your hawthorne houſe,
With counſaile of the night,I will be here
With wholeſome viands ; theſe impediments

Will I file off, you ſhall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the ſmell o'th priſon, after
When you ſhall ſtretch your ſelfe, and ſay but *Arcite*
I am in plight, there ſhall be at your choyce
Both Sword, and Armour.

Pal. Oh you heavens, dares any
So noble beare a guilty buſines! none
But onely *Arcite*, therefore none but *Arcite*
In this kinde is ſo bold.

Arc. Sweete *Palamon.*

Pal. I doe embrace you, and your offer, for
Your offer doo't I onely, Sir your perſon
Without hipocriſy I may not wiſh
Winde hornes of Cornets.
More then my Swords edge ont.

Arc. You heare the Hornes;
Enter your Muſicke leaſt this match between's
Be croſt, or met, give me your hand, farewell.
Ile bring you every needfull thing: I pray you
Take comfort and be ſtrong.

Pal. Pray hold your promiſe;
And doe the deede with a bent brow, moſt certaine
You love me not, be rough with me, and powre
This oile out of your language; by this ayre
I could for each word, give a Cuffe: my ſtomach
not reconcild by reaſon,

Arc. Plainely ſpoken,
Yet pardon me hard language, when I ſpur
Winde hornes.
My horſe, I chide him not; content, and anger
In me have but one face. Harke Sir, they call
The ſcatterd to the Banket; you muſt gueſſe
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir your attendance
Cannot pleaſe heaven, and I know your office
Vnjuſtly is atcheev'd.

Arc. If a good title,
I am perſwaded this queſtion ſicke between's,

By bleeding muſt be cur'd. I am a Suitour,
That to your Sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talke of it no more.

Pal. But this one word:
You are going now to gaze upon my Miſtris,
For note you, mine ſhe is.

Arc. Nay then.

Pal. Nay pray you,
You talke of feeding me to breed me ſtrength
You are going now to looke upon a Sun
That ſtrengthens what it lookes on, there
You have a vantage ore me, but enjoy't till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Iaylors daughter alone.*

Daugh. He has miſtooke; the Beake I meant, is gone
After his fancy, Tis now welnigh morning,
No matter, would it were perpetuall night,
And darkenes Lord o'th world, Harke tis a woolfe:
In me hath greife ſlaine feare, and but for one thing
I care for nothing, and that's *Palamon.*
I wreake not if the wolves would jaw me, ſo
He had this File; what if I hallowd for him?
I cannot hallow: if I whoop'd; what then?
If he not anſweard, I ſhould call a wolfe,
And doe him but that ſervice. I have heard
Strange howles this live-long night, why may't not be
They have made prey of him? he has no weapons,
He cannot run, the lengling of his Gives
Might call fell things to liſten, who have in them
A ſence to know a man unarmd, and can
Smell where reſiſtance is. Ile ſet it downe
He's torne to peeces, they howld many together
And then they feed on him: So much for that,
Be bold to ring the Bell; how ſtand I then?
All's char'd when he is gone, No, no I lye,
My Father's to be hang'd for his eſcape,
My ſelfe to beg, if I prizd life ſo much
As to deny my act, but that I would not,

Should I try death by duſſons: I am mop't,
Food tooke I none,theſe two daies.
Sipt ſome water.I'have not cloſd mine eyes
Save when my lids ſcowrd off their bine; alas
Diſſolue my life, Let not my ſence unſettle
Leaſt I ſhould drowne, or ſtab,or hang my ſelfe.
O ſtate of Nature, faile together in me,
Since thy beſt props are warpt: So which way now?
The beſt way is,the next way to a grave:
Each errant ſtep beſide is torment. Loe
The Moone is down,the Crickets chirpe,the Schreichowle
Calls in the dawne; all offices are done
Save what I faile in: But the point is this
An end,and that is all. *Exit.*

Scæna 3. *Enter Arcite,with Meate,Wine,and Files.*

Arc. I ſhould be neere the place,hoa. Coſen *Palamon.*

Enter Palamon.

Pal. Arcite.

Arc. The ſame:I have brought you foode and files,
Come forth and feare not, her'e no *Theſeus*.

Pal. Nor none ſo honeſt *Arcite*.

Arc. That's no matter,
Wee'l argue that hereafter: Come take courage,
You ſhall not dye thus beaſtly,here Sir drinke
I know you are faint, then ile talke further with you.

Pal. Arcite,thou mightſt now poyſon me.

Arc. I might.
But I muſt feare you firſt: Sit downe,and good now
No more of theſe vaine parlies, let us not
Having our ancient reputation with us
Make talke for Fooles,and Cowards,To your health,&c.

Pal. Doe.

Arc. Pray ſit downe then,and let me entreate you
By all the honeſty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman,t'will diſturbe us,
We ſhall have time enough.

Pal. Well Sir,Ile pledge you. (blood man.

Arc. Drinke a good hearty draught, it breeds good

Doe

Doe not you feele it thaw you?

Pal. Stay,Ile tell you after a draught or two more.

Arc. Spare it not, the Duke has more Cuz:Eate now.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. I am glad you have ſo good a ſtomach.

Pal. I am gladder I have ſo good meate too't.

Arc. Is't not mad lodging,here in the wild woods Coſen

Pal. Yes,for then that have wilde Conſciences. (I ſee,

Arc. How taſts your vittails?your hunger needs no ſawce

Pal. Not much.
But if it did, yours is too tart:ſweete Coſen:what is this?

Arc. Veniſon.

Pal. Tis a luſty meate:
Giue me more wine;here *Arcite* to the wenches
We have known in our daies. The Lord Stewards daughter.
Doe you remember her?

Arc. After you Cuz.

Pal. She lov'd a black-haird man.

Arc. She did ſo; well Sir.

Pal. And I have heard ſome call him *Arcite*,and

Arc. Out with't faith.

Pal. She met him in an Arbour.
What did ſhe there Cuz?play o'th virginals?

Arc. Something ſhe did Sir.

Pal. Made her groane a moneth for't;or 2. or 3.or 10.

Arc. The Marſhals Siſter,
Had her ſhare too,as I remember Coſen,
Elſe there be tales abroade, you'l pledge her?

Pal. Yes.

Arc. A pretty broune wench t'is-There was a time
When yong men went a hunting, and a wood,
And a broade Beech: and thereby hangs a tale: heigh ho.

Pal. For *Emily*,upon my life; Foole
Away with this ſtraind mirth;I ſay againe
That ſigh was breathd for *Emily*; baſe Coſen,
Dar'ſt thou breake firſt?

Arc. you are wide.

Pal. By heaven and earth,ther's nothing in thee honeſt.

Arc, Then Ile leave you: you are a Beaſt now:
Pal. As thou makſt me, Trayterour. (fumes:
Arc. Ther's all things needfull, files and ſhirts, and, per-
Ile come againe ſome two howres hence, and bring
That that ſhall quiet all,
Pal. A Sword and Armour.
Arc. Feare me not; you are now too fowle; farewell.
Get off your Trinkets, you ſhall want nought;
Pal. Sir ha:
Arc. Ile heare no more. *Exit.*
Pal. If he keepe touch, he dies for't. *Exit.*

Scæna 4. *Enter Iaylors daughter.*

Daugh. I am very cold, and all the Stars are out too,
The little Stars, and all, that looke like aglets:
The Sun has ſeene my Folly: *Palamon*;
Alas no; hees in heaven; where am I now?
Yonder's the ſea, and ther's a Ship; how't tumbles
And ther's a Rocke lies watching under water;
Now, now, it beates upon it; now, now, now,
Ther's a leak ſprung, a ſound one, how they cry?
Vpon her before the winde, you'l looſe all els:
Vp with a courſe or two, and take about Boyes.
Good night, good night, y'ar gone: I am very hungry,
Would I could finde a fine Frog; he would tell me
Newes from all parts o'th world, then would I make
A Carecke of a Cockle ſhell, and ſayle
By eaſt and North Eaſt to the King of *Pigmes*,
For he tels fortunes rarely. Now my Father
Twenty to one is truſt up in a trice
To morrow morning, Ile ſay never a word.

Sing. *For ile cut my greene coat, a foote above my knee,*
And ile clip my yellow lockes; an inch below mine eie.
hey, nonny, nonny, nonny,
He's buy me a white Cut, forth for to ride
And ile goe ſeeke him, throw the world that is ſo wide
hey nonny, nonny, nonny.

O for a pricke now like a Nightingale, to put my breaſt
Againſt

Againſt. I ſhall ſleepe like a Top elſe. *Exit.*

Scæna 6. *Enter a Schoole maſter. 4. Countrymen: and Baum. 2. or 3 wenches, with a Taborer.*

Sch. Fy, fy, what tediouſity, & diſenſanity is here among ye? have my Rudiments bin labourd ſo long with ye? milkd unto ye, and by a figure even the very plumbroth & marrow of my underſtanding laid upon ye? and do you ſtill cry where, and how, & wherfore? you moſt courſe freeze capacities, ye jave Iudgements, have I ſaide thus let be, and there let be, and then let be, and no man underſtand mee, *proh deum, medius fidius*, ye are all dunces: For why here ſtand I. Here the Duke comes, there are you cloſe in the Thicket; the Duke appeares, I meete him and unto him I utter learned things, and many figures, he heares, and nods, and hums, and then cries rare, and I goe forward, at length I fling my Cap up; marke there; then do you as once did *Meleager*, and the *Bore* break comly out before him: like true lovers, caſt your ſelves in a Body decently, and ſweetly, by a figure trace, and turne Boyes.

1. And ſweetly we will doe it Maſter *Gerrold*.
2. Draw up the Company, Where's the Taborour.
3. Why *Timothy*.
Tab. Here my mad boyes, have at ye.
Sch. But I ſay where's their women?
4. Here's *Friz* and *Maudline*. (*Barbery*.
2. And little *Luce* with the white legs, and bouncing
1. And freckeled *Nel*; that never faild her Maſter.
Sch. Wher be your Ribands maids? ſwym with your Bodies
And carry it ſweetly, and deliverly
And now and then a fauour, and a friske.
Nel. Let us alone Sir.
Sch. Wher's the reſt o'th Muſicke.
3. Diſperſd as you commanded.
Sch. Couple then
And ſee what's wanting; wher's the *Ba'vian*?
My friend, carry your taile without offence
Or ſcandall to the Ladies; and be ſure
You tumble with audacity, and manhood,

And when you barke doe it with judgement.

Bau. Yes Sir.

Sch. *Quo usque tandem.* Here is a woman wanting

4. We may goe whiſtle: all the fat's i'th fire.

Sch. We have,

As learned Authours utter, waſhd a Tile,
We have beene *fatuus*, and laboured vainely.

2. This is that ſcornefull peece, that ſcurvy hilding
That gave her promiſe faithfully, ſhe would be here,
Cicely the Sempſters daughter:
The next gloves that I give her ſhall be dog skin;
Nay and ſhe faile me once, you can tell *Arcas*
She ſwore by wine, and bread, ſhe would not breake.

Sch. An Eele and woman,
A learned Poet ſayes: unles by'th taile
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either faile,
In manners this was falſe poſition

1. A fire ill take her; do's ſhe flinch now?

3. What
Shall we determine Sir?

Sch. Nothing,
Our buſines is become a nullity
Yea, and a woefull, and a pittious nullity.

4. Now when the credite of our Towne lay on it,
Now to be frampall, now to piſſe o'th nettle,
Goe thy waies, ile remember thee, ile fit thee,

Enter Iaylors daughter.

The George alow, came from the South, from
Daughter. *The coaſt of Barbary a.*
And there he met with brave gallants of war
By one, by two, by three, a
Well haild, well haild, you jolly gallants,
Chaire and ſtooles out. *And whither now are you bound a*
O let me have your company till come to the ſound a
There was three fooles, fell out about an howlet
The one ſed it was an owle
The other he ſed nay,
The third he ſed it was a hawke, and her bels wer cut away.

3. Ther's

3. Ther's a dainty mad woman Mr. comes i'th Nick as mad as a march hare: if wee can get her daunce, wee are made againe: I warrant her, ſhee'l doe the rareſt gambols.

1. A mad woman? we are made Boyes.

Sch. And are you mad good woman?

Daugh. I would be ſorry elſe,
Give me your hand.

Sch. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune.
You are a foole: tell ten, I have pozd him: Buz
Friend you muſt eate no white bread, if you doe
Your teeth will bleede extreamely, ſhall we dance ho?
I know you, y'ar a Tinker: Sirha Tinker
Stop no more holes, but what you ſhould.

Sch. *Dij boni.* A Tinker Damzell? (play

Daug. Or a Conjurer: raiſe me a devill now, and let him
Quipaſſa, o'th bels and bones.

Sch. Goe take her, and fluently perſwade her to a peace:
Et opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis.
Strike up, and leade her in.

2. Come Laſſe, lets trip it.

Daugh. Ile leade. (*Winde Hornes:*

3. Doe, doe.

Sch. Perſwaſively, and cunningly: away boyes,

Ex. all but Schoolemaſter.

I heare the hornes: give me ſome
Meditation, and marke your Cue;
Pallas inſpire me.

Enter Theſ. Pir. Hip. Emil. Arcite: and traine.

Theſ. This way the Stag tooke.

Sch. Stay, and edifie.

Theſ. What have we here?

Per. Some Countrey ſport, upon my life Sir.

Per. Well Sir, goe forward, we will edifie.
Ladies ſit downe, wee'l ſtay it. (Ladies.

Sch. Thou doughtie Duke all haile: all haile ſweet

Theſ. This is a cold beginning.

Sch. If you but favour; our Country paſtime made is,

We are a few of thoſe collected here
That ruder Tongues diſtinguiſh villager,
And to ſay veritie,and not to fable;
We are a merry rout,or elſe a rable
Or company,or by a figure,*Choris*
That fore thy dignitie will dance a Morris.
And I that am the rectifier of all
By title Pedagogus,that let fall
The Birch upon the breeches of the ſmall ones,
And humble with a Ferula the tall ones,
Doe here preſent this Machine,or this frame,
And daintie Duke,whoſe doughtie diſmall fame
From *Dis* to *Dedalus*,from poſt to pillar
Is blowne abroad;helpe me thy poore well willer,
And with thy twinckling eyes,looke right and ſtraight
Vpon this mighty Morr—of mickle waight
Is—now comes in,which being glewd together
Makes Morris,and the cauſe that we came hether.
The body of our ſport of no ſmall ſtudy
I firſt appeare,though rude,and raw, and muddy,
To ſpeake before thy noble grace,this tenner:
At whoſe great feete I offer up my penner.
The next the Lord of May,and Lady bright,
The Chambermaid,and Servingman by night
That ſeeke out ſilent hanging: Then mine Hoſt
And his fat Spowſe,that welcomes to their coſt
The gauled Traveller,and with a beckning
Informes the Tapſter to inflame the reckning:
Then the beaſt eating Clowne,and next the foole,
The *Bavian* with long tayle,and eke long toole,
Cum multis aliis that make a dance,
Say I,and all ſhall preſently advance.

Theſ. I,I by any meanes,deere Domine.

Per. Produce. *Muſicke Dance.*

Knocke for Schoole. Enter The Dance.

Intrate filij,Come forth,and foot it,
Ladies,if we have beene merry
And have pleaſd thee with a derry,
And a derry,and a downe

Say the Schoolemaſter's no Clowne:
Duke,if we have pleaſd three too
And have done as good Boyes ſhould doe,
Give us but a tree or twaine
For a Maypole,and againe
Ere another yeare run out,
Wee'l make thee laugh and all this rout.

Theſ. Take 20.Domine;how does my ſweet heart.

Hip. Never ſo pleaſd Sir.

Emil. Twas an excellent dance,and for a preface I never heard a better. (warded.

Theſ. Schoolemaſter, I thanke yon, One ſee'em all re-

Per. And heer's ſomething to paint your Pole withall.

Theſ. Now to our ſports againe.

Sch. May the Stag thou huntſt ſtand long,
And thy dogs be ſwift and ſtrong:
May they kill him without lets,
And the Ladies eate his dowſets: Come we are all made.
Winde Hornes.
Dij Deaq; omnes,ye have danc'd rarely wenches. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 7. *Enter Palamon from the Buſh.*

Pal. About this houre my Coſen gave his faith
To viſit me againe,and with him bring
Two Swords,and two good Armors;if he faile
He's neither man,nor Souldier; when he left me
I did not thinke a weeke could have reſtord
My loſt ſtrength to me,I was growne ſo low,
And creſt-falne with my wants: I thanke thee *Arcite*,
Thou art yet a faire Foe; and I feele my ſelfe
With this refreſhing,able once againe
To out dure danger: To delay it longer
Would make the world think when it comes to hearing,
That I lay fatting like a Swine,to fight
And not a Souldier: Therefore this bleſt morning
Shall be the laſt; and that Sword he refuſes,
If it but hold,I kill him with;tis Iuſtice:
So love,and Fortune for me: O good morrow.

Enter Arcite with Armors and Swords.

Arcite.

Arc. Good morrow noble kineſman,
Pal. I have put you
To too much paines Sir.
Arc. That too much faire Coſen,
Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.
Pal. Would you were ſo in all Sir; I could wiſh ye
As kinde a kinſman, as you force me finde
A beneficiall foe, that my embraces
Might thanke ye, not my blowes.
Arc. I ſhall thinke either
Well done, a noble recompence.
Pal. Then I ſhall quit you.
Arc. Defy me in theſe faire termes, and you ſhow
More then a Miſtris to me, no more anger
As you love any thing that's honourable;
We were not bred to talke man, when we are arm'd
And both upon our guards, then let our fury
Like meeting of two tides, fly ſtrongly from us,
And then to whom the birthright of this Beauty
Truely pertaines (without obbraidings, ſcornes,
Diſpiſings of our perſons, and ſuch powtings
Fitter for Girles and Schooleboyes) will be ſeene
And quickly, yours, or mine: wilt pleaſe you arme Sir,
Or if you feele your ſelfe not fitting yet
And furniſhd with your old ſtrength, ile ſtay Coſen
And ev'ry day diſcourſe you into health,
As I am ſpard, your perſon I am friends with,
And I could wiſh I had not ſaide I lov'd her
Though I had dide; But loving ſuch a Lady
And juſtifying my Love, I muſt not fly from't.
Pal. *Arcite*, thou art ſo brave an enemy
That no man but thy Coſen's fit to kill thee,
I am well, and luſty, chooſe your Armes.
Arc. Chooſe you Sir.
Pal. Wilt thou exceede in all, or do'ſt thou doe it
To make me ſpare thee?
Arc. If you thinke ſo Coſen,
You are deceived, for as I am a Soldier.

I will not ſpare you.
Pal. That's well ſaid.
Arc. You'l finde it
Pal. Then as I am an honeſt man and love,
With all the juſtice of affection
Ile pay thee ſoundly: This ile take.
Arc. That's mine then,
Ile arme you firſt.
Pal. Do: pray thee tell me Coſen,
Where gotſt thou this good Armour.
Arc. Tis the Dukes,
And to ſay true, I ſtole it; doe I pinch you?
Pal. Noe.
Arc. Is't not too heavie?
Pal. I have worne a lighter,
But I ſhall make it ſerve.
Arc. Ile buckl't cloſe.
Pal. By any meanes.
Arc. You care not for a Grand guard?
Pal. No, no, wee'l uſe no horſes, I perceave
You would faine be at that Fight.
Arc. I am indifferent.
Pal. Faith ſo am I; good Coſen, thruſt the buckle
Through far enough.
Arc. I warrant you.
Pal. My Caske now.
Arc. Will you fight bare-armd?
Pal. We ſhall be the nimbler.
Arc. But uſe your Gauntlets though; thoſe are o'th leaſt,
Prethee take mine good Coſen.
Pal. Thanke you *Arcite*.
How doe I looke, am I falne much away?
Arc. Faith very little; love has uſd you kindly.
Pal. Ile warrant thee, Ile ſtrike home.
Arc. Doe, and ſpare not;
Ile give you cauſe ſweet Coſen.
Pal. Now to you Sir,
Me thinkes this Armo'rs very like that, *Arcite*,

Thou wor'ſt that day the 3. Kings fell, but lighter.
Arc. That was a very good one, and that day
I well remember, you outdid me Coſen,
I never ſaw ſuch valour: when you chargd
Vpon the left wing of the Enemie,
I ſpurd hard to come up, and under me
I had a right good horſe.
Pal. You had indeede
A bright Bay I remember.
Arc. Yes but all
Was vainely labour'd in me, you outwent me,
Nor could my wiſhes reach you; yet a little
I did by imitation.
Pal. More by vertue,
You are modeſt Coſen.
Arc. When I ſaw you charge firſt,
Me thought I heard a dreadfull clap of Thunder
Breake from the Troope.
Pal. But ſtill before that flew
The lightning of your valour: Stay a little,
Is not this peece too ſtreight?
Arc. No, no, tis well.
Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my Sword,
A bruiſe would be diſhonour.
Arc. Now I am perfect.
Pal. Stand off then.
Arc. Take my Sword, I hold it better.
Pal. I thanke ye: No, keepe it, your life lyes on it,
Here's one, if it but hold, I aske no more,
For all my hopes: My Cauſe and honour guard me.
They bow ſeverall wayes: then advance and ſtand.
Arc. And me my love: * Is there ought elſe to ſay?
Pal. This onely, and no more: Thou art mine Aunts Son.
And that blood we deſire to ſhed is mutuall,
In me, thine, and in thee, mine: My Sword
Is in my hand, and if thou kilſt me
The gods, and I forgive thee; If there be
A place prepar'd for thoſe that ſleepe in honour,
I wiſh his wearie ſoule, that falls may win it:

Fight

Fight bravely Coſen, give me thy noble hand.
Arc. Here *Palamon*: This hand ſhall never more
Come neare thee with ſuch friendſhip.
Pal. I commend thee.
Arc. If I fall, curſe me, and ſay I was a coward,
For none but ſuch, dare die in theſe juſt Tryalls.
Once more farewell my Coſen,
Pal. Farewell *Arcite*. *Fight.*
Hornes within: they ſtand.
Arc. Loe Coſen, loe, our Folly has undon us.
Pal. Why?
Arc. This is the Duke, a hunting as I told you,
If we be found, we are wretched, O retire
For honours ſake, and ſafely preſently
Into your Buſh agen; Sir we ſhall finde
Too many howres to dye in, gentle Coſen:
If you be ſeene you periſh inſtantly
For breaking priſon, and I, if you reveale me,
For my contempt; Then all the world will ſcorne us,
And ſay we had a noble difference,
But baſe diſpoſers of it.
Pal. No, no, Coſen
I will no more be hidden, nor put off
This great adventure to a ſecond Tryall
I know your cunning, and I know your cauſe,
He that faints now, ſhame take him, put thy ſelfe
Vpon thy preſent guard.
Arc. You are not mad?
Pal. Or I will make th'advantage of this howre
Mine owne, and what to come ſhall threaten me,
I feare leſſe then my fortune: know weake Coſen
I love *Emilia*, and in that ile bury
Thee, and all croſſes elſe.
Arc. Then come, what can come
Thou ſhalt know *Palamon*, I dare as well
Die, as diſcourſe, or ſleepe: Onely this feares me,
The law will have the honour of our ends.
Have at thy life.

Pal. Looke to thine owne well *Arcite.*

Fight againe. Horner

Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous and traine.

Theſeus. What ignorant and mad malicious Traitors,
Are you? That gainſt the tenor of my Lawes
Are making Battaile, thus like Knights appointed,
Without my leave, and Officers of Armes?
By *Caſtor* both ſhall dye.

Pal. Hold thy word *Theſeus*,
We are certainly both Traitors, both deſpiſers
Of thee, and of thy goodneſſe: I am *Palamon*
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy Priſon,
Thinke well, what that deſerves; and this is *Arcite*
A bolder Traytor never trod thy ground
A Falſer neu'r ſeem'd friend: This is the man
Was begd and baniſh'd, this is he contemnes thee
And what thou dar'ſt doe; and in this diſguiſe
Againſt this owne Edict followes thy Siſter,
That fortunate bright Star, the faire *Emilia*
Whoſe ſervant, (if there be a right in ſeeing,
And firſt bequeathing of the ſoule to) juſtly
I am, and which is more, dares thinke her his.
This treacherie like a moſt truſty Lover,
I call'd him now to anſwer; if thou bee'ſt
As thou art ſpoken, great and vertuous,
The true deſcider of all injuries,
Say, Fight againe, and thou ſhalt ſee me *Theſeus*
Doe ſuch a Iuſtice, thou thy ſelfe wilt envie,
Then take my life, Ile wooe thee too't.

Per. O heaven,
What more then man is this!

Theſ. I have ſworne.

Arc. We ſeeke not
Thy breath of mercy *Theſeus*, Tis to me
A thing as ſoone to dye, as thee to ſay it,
And no more mov'd: where this man calls me Traitor,
Let me ſay thus much; if in love be Treaſon,
In ſervice of ſo excellent a Beutie,

As I love moſt, and in that faith will periſh,
As I have brought my life here to confirme it,
As I have ſerv'd her trueſt, worthieſt,
As I dare kill this Coſen, that denies it,
So let me be moſt Traitor, and ye pleaſe me:
For ſcorning thy Edict Duke, aske that Lady
Why ſhe is faire, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if ſhe ſay Traytor,
I am a villaine fit to lye unburied.

Pal. Thou ſhalt have pitty of us both, o *Theſeus*,
If unto neither thou ſhew mercy, ſtop,
(As thou art juſt) thy noble eare againſt us,
As thou art valiant; for thy Coſens ſoule
Whoſe 12. ſtrong labours crowne his memory,
Lets die together, at one inſtant Duke,
Onely a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my Soule he ſhall not have her.

Theſ. I grant your wiſh, for to ſay true, your Coſen
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy then you found, Sir, your offenſes
Being no more then his: None here ſpeake for 'em
For ere the Sun ſet, both ſhall ſleepe for ever.

Hipol. Alas the pitty, now or never Siſter
Speake not to be denide; That face of yours
Will beare the curſes elſe of after ages
For theſe loſt Coſens.

Emil. In my face deare Siſter
I finde no anger to 'em; nor no ruyn,
The miſadventure of their owne eyes kill 'em;
Yet that I will be woman, and have pitty,
My knees ſhall grow to 'th ground but Ile get mercie,
Helpe me deare Siſter, in a deede ſo vertuous,
The powers of all women will be with us,
Moſt royall Brother.

Hipol. Sir by our tye of Marriage.

Emil. By your owne ſpotleſſe honour.

Hip. By that faith,
That faire hand, and that honeſt heart you gave me,

Emil. By that you would have pitty in another,
By your owne vertues infinite.
Hip. By valour,
By all the chaſte nights I have ever pleaſd you.
Theſ. Theſe are ſtrange Conjurings (our dangers,
Per. Nay then I e in too: By all our friendſhip Sir, by all
By all you love moſt, warres; and this ſweet Lady.
Emil. By that you would have trembled to deny
A bluſhing Maide.
Hip. By your owne eyes: By ſtrength
In which you ſwore I went beyond all women,
Almoſt all men, and yet I yeelded *Theſeus.*
Per. To crowne all this; By your moſt noble ſoule
Which cannot want due mercie, I beg firſt.
Hip. Next heare my prayers.
Emil. Laſt let me intreate Sir.
Per. For mercy.
Hip. Mercy.
Emil. Mercy on theſe Princes.
Theſ. Ye make my faith reele: Say I felt
Compaſſion to'em both, how would you place it?
Emil. Vpon their lives: But with their baniſhments.
Theſ. You are a right woman, Siſter you have pitty,
But want the vnderſtanding where to uſe it.
If you deſire their lives, invent a way
Safer then baniſhment: Can theſe two live
And have the agony of love about 'em,
And not kill one another? Every day
The'yld fight about you; howrely bring your honour
In publique queſtion with their Swords; Be wiſe then
And here forget 'em; it concernes your credit,
And my oth equally: I have ſaid they die,
Better they fall by'th law, then one another.
Bow not my honor.
Emil. O my noble Brother,
That oth was raſhly made, and in your anger,
Your reaſon will not hold it, if ſuch vowes
Stand for expreſſe will, all the world muſt periſh.

Beſide

Beſide, I have another oth, gainſt yours
Of more authority, I am ſure more love,
Not made in paſſion neither, but good heede.
Theſ. What is it Siſter?
Per. Vrge it home brave Lady.
Emil. That you would nev'r deny me any thing
Fit for my modeſt ſuit, and your free granting:
I tye you to your word now, if ye fall in't,
Thinke how you maime your honour;
(For now I am ſet a begging Sir, I am deafe
To all but your compaſſion) how their lives
Might breed the ruine of my name; Opinion,
Shall any thing that loves me periſh for me?
That were a cruell wiſedome, doe men proyne
The ſtraight yong Bowes that bluſh with thouſand Bloſſoms
Becauſe they may be rotten? O Duke *Theſeus*
The goodly Mothers that have groand for theſe,
And all the longing Maides that ever lov'd,
If your vow ſtand, ſhall curſe me and my Beauty,
And in their funerall ſongs, for theſe two Coſens
Deſpiſe my crueltie, and cry woe worth me,
Till I am nothing but the ſcorne of women;
For heavens ſake ſave their lives, and baniſh 'em.
Theſ. On what conditions?
Emil. Sweare 'em never more
To make me their Contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy Dukedome, and to be
Where ever they ſhall travel, ever ſtrangers to one another.
Pal. Ile be cut a peeces
Before I take this oth, forget I love her?
O all ye gods diſpiſe me then: Thy Baniſhment
I not miſlike, ſo we may faire'y carry
Our Swords, and cauſe along: elſe never trifle,
But take our lives, Duke, I muſt love and will,
And for that love, muſt and dare kill this Coſen
On any peece the earth has.
Theſ. Will you *Arcite*
Take theſe conditions?

Pal.

Pal. H'es a villaine then.
Per. Theſe are men.
Arcite. No, never Duke: Tis worſe to me than begging
To take my life ſo baſely, though I thinke
I never ſhall enjoy her, yet ile preſerve
The honour of affection, and dye for her,
Make death a Devill.
Theſ. What may be done? for now I feele compaſſion.
Per. Let it not fall agen Sir.
Theſ. Say *Emilia*
If one of them were dead, as one muſt, are you
Content to take th'other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; They are Princes
As goodly as your owne eyes, and as noble
As ever fame yet ſpoke of; looke upon'em,
And if you can love, end this difference,
I give conſent, are you content too Princes?
Both. With all our ſoules.
Theſ. He that ſhe refuſes
Muſt dye then.
Both. Any death thou canſt invent Duke.
Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with favour,
And Lovers yet unborne ſhall bleſſe my aſhes.
Arc. If ſhe refuſe me, yet my grave will wed me,
And Souldiers ſing my Epitaph.
Theſ. Make choice then.
Emil. I cannot Sir, they are both too excellent
For me, a hayre ſhall never fall of theſe men.
Hip. What will become of 'em?
Theſ. Thus I ordaine it,
And by mine honor, once againe it ſtands,
Or both ſhall dye. You ſhall both to your Countrey,
And each within this moneth accompanied
With three faire Knights, appeare againe in this place,
In which Ile plant a Pyramid; and whether
Before us that are here, can force his Coſen
By fayre and knightly ſtrength to touch the Pillar,
He ſhall enjoy her: the other looſe his head,

And all his friends; Nor ſhall he grudge to fall,
Nor thinke he dies with intereſt in this Lady:
Will this content yee?
Pal. Yes: here Coſen *Arcite*
I am friends againe, till that howre.
Arc. I embrace ye.
Theſ. Are you content Siſter?
Emil. Yes, I muſt Sir,
Els both miſcarry.
Theſ. Come ſhake hands againe then,
And take heede, as you are Gentlemen, this Quarrell
Sleepe till the howre prefixt, and hold your courſe.
Pal. We dare not faile thee *Theſeus*.
Theſ. Come, Ile give ye
Now uſage like to Princes, and to Friends:
When ye returne, who wins, Ile ſettle heere,
Who looſes, yet Ile weepe upon his Beere. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Scæna 1. *Enter Iailor, and his friend.*
Iailor. Heare you no more, was nothing ſaide of me
Concerning the eſcape of *Palamon*?
Good Sir remember.
1. *Fr.* Nothing that I heard,
For I came home before the buſines
Was fully ended: Yet I might perceive
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons: For *Hipolita*,
And faire-eyd *Emilie*, upon their knees
Begd with ſuch handſom pitty, that the Duke
Me thought ſtood ſtaggering, whether he ſhould follow
His rafh o'th, or the ſweet compaſſion
Of thoſe two Ladies; and to ſecond them,
That truely noble Prince *Perithous*
Halfe his owne heart, ſet in too, that I hope
All ſhall be well: Neither heard I one queſtion

Of your name, or his ſcape. *Enter* 2. *Friend.*

Iay. Pray heaven it hold ſo.

2. *Fr.* Be of good comfort man; I bring you newes,
Good newes.

Iay. They are welcome,

2. *Fr.* *Palamon* has cleerd you,
And got your pardon, and diſcoverd (Daughters,
How, and by whoſe meanes he eſcapt, which was your
Whoſe pardon is procurd too, and the Priſoner
Not to be held ungratefull to her goodnes,
Has given a ſumme of money to her Marriage,
A large one ile aſſure you.

Iay. Ye are a good man
And ever bring good newes.

1. *Fr.* How was it ended?

2. *Fr.* Why, as it ſhould be; they that nev'r begd
But they prevaild, had their ſuites fairely granted,
The priſoners have their lives.

1. *Fr.* I knew t'would be ſo.

2. *Fr.* But there be new conditions, which you'l heare of
At better time.

Iay. I hope they are good.

2. *Fr.* They are honourable,
How good they'l prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

1. *Fr.* T'will be knowne.

Woo. Alas Sir, wher's your Daughter?

Iay. Why doe you aske?

Woo. O Sir when did you ſee her?

2. *Fr.* How he lookes?

Iay. This morning. (ſhe ſleept

Woo. Was ſhe well? was ſhe in health? Sir, when did

1. *Fr.* Theſe are ſtrange Queſtions.

Iay, I doe not thinke ſhe was very well, for now
You make me minde her, but this very day
I ask'd her queſtions, and ſhe anſwered me
So farre from what ſhe was, ſo childiſhly,
So ſillily, as if ſhe were a foole,

An Inocent, and I was very angry.
But what of her Sir? (as good by me

Woo. Nothing but my pitty; but you muſt know it, and
As by an other that leſſe loves her:

Iay. Well Sir.

1. *Fr.* Not right?

2. *Fr.* Not well? ——— *Wooer,* No Sir not well.

Woo. Tis too true, ſhe is mad.

1. *Fr.* It cannot be.

Woo. Beleeve you'l finde it ſo.

Iay. I halfe ſuſpected
What you told me: the gods comfort her:
Either this was her love to *Palamon,*
Or feare of my miſcarrying on his ſcape,
Or both.

Woo. Tis likely.

Iay. But why all this haſte Sir?

Woo. Ile tell you quickly. As I late was angling
In the great Lake that lies behind the Pallace,
From the far ſhore, thicke ſet with reedes, and Sedges,
As patiently I was attending ſport,
I heard a voyce, a ſhrill one, and attentive
I gave my eare, when I might well perceive
T'was one that ſung, and by the ſmallneſſe of it
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his owne skill, came neere, but yet perceivd not
Who made the ſound; the ruſhes, and the Reeds
Had ſo encompaſt it: I laide me downe
And liſtned to the words ſhe ſong, for then
Through a ſmall glade cut by the Fiſher men,
I ſaw it was your Daughter.

Iay. Pray goe on Sir?

Woo. She ſung much, but no ſence; onely I heard her
Repeat this often. *Palamon* is gone,
Is gone to'th wood to gather Mulberies,
Ile finde him out to morrow.

1. *Fr.* Pretty ſoule.

Woo. His ſhackles will betray him, hee'l be taken,

And what ſhall I doe then? Ile bring a beavy,
A hundred blacke eyd Maides, that love as I doe
With Chaplets on their heads of Daffadillies,
With cherry-lips, and cheekes of Damaske Roſes,
And all wee'l daunce an Antique fore the Duke,
And beg his pardon; Then ſhe talk'd of you Sir;
That you muſt looſe your head to morrow morning,
And ſhe muſt gather flowers to bury you,
And ſee the houſe made handſome, then ſhe ſung
Nothing but Willow, willow, willow, and betweene
Ever was, *Palamon*, faire *Palamon*,
And *Palamon*, was a tall yong man. The place
Was knee deepe where ſhe ſat; her careles Treſſes,
A wreake of bull-ruſh rounded; about her ſtucke
Thouſand freſh water flowers of ſeverall cullors.
That me thought ſhe appeard like the faire Nimph
That feedes the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt downe from heaven; Rings ſhe made
Of ruſhes that grew by, and to 'em ſpoke
The prettieſt poſies: Thus our true love's tide,
This you may looſe, not me, and many a one:
And then ſhe wept, and ſung againe, and ſigh'd,
And with the ſame breath ſmil'd, and kiſt her hand.

2. *Fr.* Alas what pitty it is?

Wooer. I made in to her.
She ſaw me, and ſtraight ſought the flood, I ſav'd her,
And ſet her ſafe to land: when preſently
She ſlipt away, and to the Citty made,
With ſuch a cry, and ſwiftnes, that beleeve me
Shee left me farre behinde her; three, or foure,
I ſaw from farre off croſſe her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother, where ſhe ſtaid,
And fell, ſcarce to be got away: I left them with her.

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hether came to tell you: Here they are.

Daugh. May you never more enjoy the light, &c.
Is not this a fine Song?

Bro. O a very fine one.

Daugh.

Daugh. I can ſing twenty more.

Bro. I thinke you can,

Daugh. Yes truely can I, I can ſing the Broome,
And Bony Robin. Are not you a taillour?

Bro. Yes,

Daugh. Wher's my wedding Gowne?

Bro. Ile bring it to morrow.

Daugh. Doe, very rarely, I muſt be abroad elſe
To call the Maides, and pay the Minſtrels
For I muſt looſe my Maydenhead by cocklight
Twill never thrive elſe.
O faire, oh ſweete, &c. *Singes.*

Bro. You muſt ev'n take it patiently.

Iay. Tis true,

Daugh. Good'ev'n, good men, pray did you ever heare
Of one yong *Palamon*?

Iay. Yes wench we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine yong Gentleman?

Iay. Tis, Love.

Bro. By no meane croſſe her, ſhe is then diſtemperd
For worſe then now ſhe ſhowes.

1. *Fr.* Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. O, is he ſo? you have a Siſter.

1. *Fr.* Yes.

Daugh. But ſhe ſhall never have him, tell her ſo,
For a tricke that I know, y'had beſt looke to her,
For if ſhe ſee him once, ſhe's gone, ſhe's done,
And undon in an howre. All the young Maydes
Of our Towne are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em
And let 'em all alone, Is't not a wiſe courſe?

1. *Fr.* Yes.

Daugh. There is at leaſt two hundred now with child (by him,
There muſt be fowre; yet I keepe cloſe for all this,
Cloſe as a Cockle; and all theſe muſt be Boyes,
He has the tricke on't, and at ten yeares old
They muſt be all gelt for Muſitians,
And ſing the wars of *Theſeus*.

2. *Fr.* This is ſtrange.

Daugh. As ever you heard, but ſay nothing.
1. *Fr.* No.
Daugh. They come from all parts o'th Dukedome to (him,
Ile warrant ye, he had not ſo few laſt night
As twenty to diſpatch, hee'l tickl't up
In two howres, if his hand be in.
Iay. She's loſt
Paſt all cure.
Bro. Heaven forbid man.
Daugh. Come hither, you are a wiſe man.
1. *Fr.* Do's ſhe know him?
1. *Fr.* No, would ſhe did.
Daugh. You are maſter of a Ship?
Iay. Yes.
Daugh. Wher's your Cõpaſſe?
Iay. Heere.
Daugh. Set it too'th North.
And now direct your courſe to'th wõod, wher *Palamon*
Lyes longing for me; For the Tackling
Let me alone; Come waygh my hearts, cheerely.
All. Owgh, owgh, owgh, tis up, the wind's faire, top the
Bowling, out with the maine ſaile, wher's your
Whiſtle Maſter?
Bro. Lets get her in.
Iay. Vp to the top Boy.
Bro. Wher's the Pilot?
1. *Fr.* Heere,
Daugh. What ken'ſt thou?
2. *Fr.* A faire wood.
Daugh. Beare for it maſter: take about: *Singes.*
When Cinthia with her borrowed light, &c. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 2. *Enter Emilia alone, with 2. Pictures.*

Emilia. Yet I may binde thoſe wounds up, that muſt
And bleed to death for my ſake elſe; Ile chooſe, (open
And end their ſtrife: Two ſuch yõng handſom men
Shall never fall for me, their weeping Mothers,
Following the dead cold aſhes of their Sonnes
Shall never curſe my cruelty: Good heaven,

What

What a ſweet face has *Arcite*? if wiſe nature
With all her beſt endowments, all thoſe beuties
She ſowes into the birthes of noble bodies,
Were here a mortall woman, and had in her
The coy denialls of yong Maydes, yet doubtles,
She would run mad for this man: what an eye?
Of what a fyry ſparkle, and quick ſweetnes,
Has this yong Prince? Here Love himſelfe ſits ſmyling,
Juſt ſuch another wanton *Ganimead*,
Set Love a fire with, and enforced the god
Snatch up the goodly Boy, and ſet him by him
A ſhining conſtellation: What a brow,
Of what a ſpacious Majeſty he carries?
Arch'd like the great eyd *Iuno's*, but far ſweeter,
Smoother then *Pelops* Shoulder? Fame and honour
Me thinks from hence, as from a Promontory
Pointed in heaven, ſhould clap their wings, and ſing
To all the under world, the Loves, and Fights
Of gods, and ſuch men neere 'em. *Palamon*,
Is but his foyle, to him, a meere dull ſhadow,
Hee's ſwarth, and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he had loſt his mother; a ſtill temper,
No ſtirring in him, no alacrity,
Of all this ſprightly ſharpenes, not a ſmile;
Yet theſe that we count errours may become him:
Narciſſus was a ſad Boy, but a heavenly:
Oh who can finde the bent of womans fancy?
I am a Foole, my reaſon is loſt in me,
I have no choice, and I have ly'd ſo lewdly
That women ought to beate me. On my knees
I aske thy pardon: *Palamon*, thou art alone,
And only beutifull, and theſe the eyes,
Theſe the bright lamps of beauty, that command
And threaten Love, and what yong Mayd dare croſſe 'em
What a bold gravity, and yet inviting
Has this browne manly face? O Love, this only
From this howres is Complexion: Lye there *Arcite*,
Thou art a changling to him, a meere Gipſey.

And

And this the noble Bodie: I am ſotted,
Vtterly loſt: My Virgins faith has fled me.
For if my brother but even now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*,
Now if my Siſter; More for *Palamon*,
Stand both together: Now, come aske me Brother,
Alas, I know not: aske me now ſweet Siſter,
I may goe looke; What a meere child is *Fancie*,
That having two faire gawdes of equall ſweetneſſe,
Cannot diſtinguiſh, but muſt crie for both.

Enter Emil. and Gent.

Emil. How now Sir?

Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother
Madam, I bring you newes: The Knights are come.

Emil. To end the quarrell?

Gent. Yes.

Emil. Would I might end firſt:
What ſinnes have I committed, chaſt *Diana*,
That my unſpotted youth muſt now be foyld
With blood of *Princes*? and my Chaſtitie
Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers,
Two greater, and two better never yet
Made mothers joy, muſt be the ſacrifice
To my unhappy Beautie?

Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Perithous and attendants.

Theſeus. Bring 'em in quickly,
By any meanes, I long to ſee 'em.
Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
And with them their faire Knights: Now my faire Siſter,
You muſt love one of them.

Emil. I had rather both,
So neither for my ſake ſhould fall untimely

Enter Meſſengers. Curtis.

Theſ. Who ſaw 'em?

Per. I a while.

Gent. And I.

Theſ. From whence come you Sir?

Meſſ. From the Knights.

Theſ. Pray ſpeake
You that have ſeene them, what they are.

Meſſ. I will Sir,
And truly what I thinke: Six braver ſpirits
Then theſe they have brought, (if we judge by the outſide)
I never ſaw, nor read of: He that ſtands
In the firſt place with *Arcite*, by his ſeeming
Should be a ſtout man, by his face a Prince,
(His very lookes ſo ſay him) his complexion,
Nearer a browne, than blacke; ſterne, and yet noble,
Which ſhewes him hardy, fearleſſe, proud of dangers:
The circles of his eyes ſhow faire within him,
And as a heated Lyon, ſo he lookes;
His haire hangs long behind him, blacke and ſhining
Like Ravens wings: his ſhoulders broad, and ſtrong,
Armd long and round, and on his Thigh a Sword
Hung by a curious Bauldricke; when he frownes
To ſeale his will with, better o'my conſcience
Was never Souldiers friend.

Theſ. Thou ha'ſt well deſcribde him,

Per. Yet a great deale ſhort
Me thinkes, of him that's firſt with *Palamon*.

Theſ. Pray ſpeake him friend.

Per. I gheſſe he is a Prince too,
And if it may be, greater; for his ſhow
Has all the ornament of honour in't:
Hee's ſomewhat bigger, then the Knight he ſpoke of,
But of a face far ſweeter; His complexion
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy: he has felt
Without doubt what he fights for, and ſo apter
To make this cauſe his owne: In's face appeares
All the faire hopes of what he undertakes,
And when he's angry, then a ſetled valour
(Not tainted with extreames) runs through his body,
And guides his arme to brave things: Feare he cannot,
He ſhewes no ſuch ſoft temper, his head's yellow,
Hard hayr'd, and curld, thicke twind like Ivy tops,
Not to undoe with thunder; In his face

The liverie of the warlike Maide appeares,
Pure red, and white, for yet no beard has bleſt him.
And in his rowling eyes, ſits victory,
As if ſhe ever ment to corect his valour:
His Noſe ſtands high, a Character of honour.
His red lips, after fights, are fit for Ladies.
Emil. Muſt theſe men die too?
Per. When he ſpeakes, his tongue
Sounds like a Trumpet; All his lyneaments
Are as a man would wiſh 'em, ſtrong, and cleane,
He weares a well-ſteeld Axe, the ſtaffe of gold,
His age ſome five and twenty.
Meſſ. Ther's another,
A little man, but of a tough ſoule, ſeeming
As great as any: fairer promiſes
In ſuch a Body, yet I never look'd on.
Per. O, he that's freckle fac'd?
Meſſ The ſame my Lord,
Are they not ſweet ones?
Per. Yes they are well.
Meſſ. Me thinkes,
Being ſo few, and well diſpoſd, they ſhow
Great, and fine art in nature, he's white hair'd,
Not wanton white, but ſuch a manly colour
Next to an aborne, tough, and nimble ſet,
Which ſhowes an active ſoule; his armes are brawny
Linde with ſtrong ſinewes: To the ſhoulder peece,
Gently they ſwell, like women new conceav'd,
Which ſpeakes him prone to labour, never fainting
Vnder the waight of Armes; ſtout harted, ſtill,
But when he ſtirs, a Tiger; he's gray eyd,
Which yeelds compaſſion where he conquers: ſharpe
To ſpy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
He's ſwift to make 'em his: He do's no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round fac'd, and when he ſmiles
He ſhowes a Lover, when he frownes, a Souldier:
About his head he weares the winners oke,
And in it ſtucke the favour of his Lady:

His age, ſome ſix and thirtie. In his hand
He beares a charging Staffe, emboſt with ſilver.
Theſ. Are they all thus?
Per. They are all the ſonnes of honour.
Theſ. Now as I have a ſoule I long to ſee 'em,
Lady you ſhall ſee men fight now.
Hip. I wiſh it,
But not the cauſe my Lord; They would ſhow
Bravely about the Titles of two Kingdomes;
Tis pitty Love ſhould be ſo tyrannous:
O my ſoft harted Siſter, what thinke you?
Weepe not, till they weepe blood; Wench it muſt be.
Theſ. You have ſteel'd 'em with your Beautie: honord (Friend,
To you I give the Feild; pray order it,
Fitting the perſons that muſt uſe it.
Per. Yes Sir.
Theſ. Come, Ile goe viſit 'em: I cannot ſtay.
Their fame has fir'd me ſo; Till they appeare,
Good Friend be royall.
Per. There ſhall want no bravery.
Emilia. Poore wench goe weepe, for whoſoever wins,
Looſes a noble Coſen, for thy ſins. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 3. *Enter Iailor, Wooer, Doctor.*

Doct. Her diſtraction is more at ſome time of the Moone,
Then at other ſome, is it not?
Iay. She is continually in a harmeleſſe diſtemper, ſleepes
Little, altogether without appetite, ſave often drinking,
Dreaming of anorher world, and a better; and what
Broken peece of matter ſo'ere ſhe's about, the name
Palamon lardes it, that ſhe farces ev'ry buſines
Enter Daughter.
Withall, fyts it to every queſtion; Looke where
Shee comes, you ſhall perceive her behaviour.
Daugh. I have forgot it quite; The burden o'nt, was *downe*
A downe a, and pend by no worſe man, then
Giraldo, *Emilias* Schoolemaſter; he's as
Fantaſticall too, as ever he may goe upon's legs,
For in the next world will *Dido* ſee *Palamon*, and

Then will ſhe be out of love with *Eneas*.

Doct. What ſtuff's here? poreſoule.

Ioy. Ev'n thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this Charme, that I told you of, you muſt
Bring a peece of ſilver on the tip of your tongue,
Or no ferry; then if it be your chance to come where
The bleſſed ſpirits, as the'rs a ſight now; we maids
That have our Lyvers, periſh'd, crakt to peeces with
Love, we ſhall come there, and doe nothing all day long
But picke flowers with Proſerpine, then will I make
Palamon a Noſegay, then let him marke me,—then.

Doct. How prettily ſhe's amiſſe? note her a little further.

Dau. Faith ile tell you, ſometime we goe to Barly breake,
We of the bleſſed; alas, tis a ſore life they have i'th
Thother place, ſuch burning, frying, boyling, hiſſing,
Howling, chattring, curſing, oh they have ſhrowd
Meaſure, take heede; if one be mad, or hang or
Drowne themſelves, thither they goe, *Iupiter* bleſſe
Vs, and there ſhall we be put in a Caldron of
Lead, and Vſurers greaſe, amongſt a whole million of
Cutpurſes, and there boyle like a Gamon of Bacon
That will never be enough. *Exit.*

Doct. How her braine coynes?

Daugh. Lords and Courtiers, that have got maids with
Child, they are in this place, they ſhall ſtand in fire up to the
Nav'le, and in yce up to'th hart, and there th'offending part
burnes, and the deceaving part freezes; in troth a very gree-
vous puniſhment, as one would thinke, for ſuch a Trifle, be-
leve me one would marry a leaprous witch, to be rid on't
Ile aſſure you.

Doct. How ſhe continues this fancie? Tis not an engrafted
Madneſſe, but a moſt thicke, and profound mellencholly.

Daugh. To heare there a proud Lady, and a proud Citty
wiffe, howle together: I were a beaſt and il'd call it good
ſport: one cries, o this ſmoake, another this fire; One cries, o,
that ever I did it behind the arras, and then howles; th'other
curſes a ſuing fellow and her garden houſe,
Sings. *I will be true, my ſtars, my fate, &c.* *Exit. Daugh. Iaylor.*

Iay. What thinke you of her Sir? (miniſter to.

Doct. I think ſhe has a perturbed minde, which I cannot

Iay. Alas, what then?

Doct. Vnderſtand you, ſhe ever affected any man, ere
She beheld *Palamon*?

Iay. I was once Sir, in great hope, ſhe had fixd her
Liking on this gentleman my friend. (great

Woo. I did thinke ſo too, and would account I had a
Pen-worth on't, to give halfe my ſtate, that both
She and I at this preſent, ſtood unfaincdly on the
Same tearmes. (the

Do. That intemprat ſurfeit of her eye, hath diſtemperd
Other ſences, they may returne and ſettle againe to
Execute their preordaind faculties, but they are
Now in a moſt extravagant vagary. This you
Muſt doe, Confine her to a place, where the light
May rather ſeeme to ſteale in, then be permitted; take
Vpon you (yong Sir her friend) the name of
Palamon, ſay you come to eate with her, and to
Commune of Love; this will catch her attention, for
This her minde beates upon; other objects that are
Inſerted tweene her minde and eye, become the prankes
And friskins of her madnes; Sing to her, ſuch greene
Songs of Love, as ſhe ſayes *Palamon* hath ſung in
Priſon; Come to her, ſtucke in as ſweet flowers, as the
Seaſon is miſtres of, and thereto make an addition of
Som other compounded odours, which are grateful to the
Sence: all this ſhall become *Palamon*, for *Palamon* can
Sing, and *Palamon* is ſweet, and ev'ry good thing, deſire
To eate with her, crave her, drinke to her, and ſtill
Among, intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance
Into her favour: Learne what Maides have beene her
Companions, and play-pheeres, and let them repaire to
Her with *Palamon* in their mouthes, and appeare with
Tokens, as if they ſuggeſted for him, It is a falſehood
She is in, which is with faſehoods to be combated.
This may bring her to eate, to ſleepe, and reduce what's
Now out of ſquare in her, into their former law, and

Regiment; I have ſeene it approved, how many times
I know not, but to make the number more, I have
Great hope in this. I will betweene the paſſages of
This project, come in with my applyance: Let us
Put it in execution; and haſten the ſucceſſe, which doubt not
Will bring forth comfort. *Floriſh. Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Scæna 1. *Enter Theſeus, Perithous, Hipolita, attendants.*

Theſ. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers: Let the Temples
Burne bright with ſacred fires, and the Altars
In hallowed clouds commend their ſwelling Incenſe
To thoſe above us: Let no due be wanting,
Floriſh of Cornets.
They have a noble worke in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.

Enter Palamon and Arcite, and their Knights.

Per. Sir they enter.

Theſ. You valiant and ſtrong harted Enemies
You royall German foes, that this day come
To blow that neareneſſe out that flames betweene ye;
Lay by your anger for an houre, and dove-like
Before the holy Altars of your helpers
(The all feard gods) bow downe your ſtubborne bodies,
Your ire is more than mortall; So your helpe be,
And as the gods regard ye, fight with Iuſtice,
I le leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wiſhes.

Per. Honour crowne the worthieſt.
Exit Theſeus, and his traine.

Pal. The glaſſe is running now that cannot finiſh
Till one of us expire: Thinke you but thus,
That were there ought in me which ſtrove to ſhow
Mine enemy in this buſineſſe, wer't one eye
Againſt another: Arme oppreſt by Arme:

I would deſtroy th'offender, Coz, I would
Though parcell of my ſelfe: Then from this gather
How I ſhould tender you.

Arc. I am in labour
To puſh your name, your auncient love, our kindred
Out of my memory; and i'th ſelfe ſame place
To ſeate ſomething I would confound: So hoyſt we
The ſayles, that muſt theſe veſſells port even where
The heavenly Lymiter pleaſes.

Pal. You ſpeake well;
Before I turne, Let me embrace thee Coſen
This I ſhall never doe agen.

Arc. One farewell.

Pal. Why let it be ſo: Farewell Coz.
Exeunt Palamon and his Knights.

Arc. Farewell Sir;
Knights, Kinſemen, Lovers, yea my Sacrifices
True worſhippers of Mars, whoſe ſpirit in you
Expells the ſeedes of feare, and th'apprehenſion
Which ſtill is farther off it; Goe with me
Before the god of our profeſſion: There
Require of him the hearts of Lyons, and
The breath of Tigers, yea the fearceneſſe too,
Yea the ſpeed alſo, to goe on, I meane:
Elſe wiſh we to be Snayles; you know my prize
Muſt be drag'd out of blood, force and great feate
Muſt put my Garland on, where ſhe ſtickes
The Queene of Flowers: our interceſſion then
Muſt be to him that makes the Campe, a Ceſtron
Brymd with the blood of men: give me your aide
And bend your ſpirits towards him. *They kneele.*
Thou mighty one, that with thy power haſt turnd
Greene Nepture into purple.
Comets prewarne, whoſe havocke in vaſte Feild
Vnearthed skulls proclaime, whoſe breath blowes downe,
The teeming Ceres foyzon, who doſt plucke
With hand armenypotent from forth blew clowdes,
The maſond Turrets, that both mak'ſt, and break'ſt

The ſtony girthes of Cities: me thy puple,
Yongeſt follower of thy Drom, inſtruct this day
With military skill, that to thy lawde
I may advance my Streamer, and by thee,
Be ſtil'd the Lord o'th day, give me great Mars
Some token of thy pleaſure.

Here they fall on their faces as formerly, and there is heard clanging of Armor, with a ſhort Thunder as the burſt of a Battaile, whereupon they all riſe and bow to the Altar.

O Great Corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of ore-rank States, thou grand decider
Of duſtie, and old tytles, that healſt with blood
The earth when it is ſicke, and curſt the world
O'th pluriſie of people; I doe take
Thy ſignes auſpiciouſly, and in thy name
To my deſigne; march boldly, let us goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Palamon and his Knights, with the former obſervance.

Pal. Our ſtars muſt gliſter with new fire, or be
To daie extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddeſſe of it grant, ſhe gives
Victory too, then blend your ſpirits with mine,
You, whoſe free nobleneſſe doe make my cauſe
Your perſonall hazard; to the goddeſſe *Venus*
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our partie. *Here they kneele as formerly.*
Haile Soveraigne Queene of ſecrets, who haſt power
To call the feirceſt Tyrant from his rage;
And weepe unto a Girle; that ha'ſt the might
Even with an ey-glance, to choke *Marſis* Drom
And turne th'allarme to whiſpers, that canſt make
A Criple floriſh with his Crutch, and cure him
Before *Apollo*; that may'ſt force the King
To be his ſubjects vaſſaile, and induce
Stale gravitie to daunce, the pould Bachelour
Whoſe youth like wanton Boyes through Bonfyres
Have skipt thy flame, at ſeaventy, thou canſt catch
And make him to the ſcorne of his hoarſe throate

Abuſe yong laies of love; what godlike power
Haſt thou not power upon? To *Phœbus* thou
Add'ſt flames, hotter then his the heavenly fyres
Did ſcortch his mortall Son, thine him; the huntreſſe
All moyſt and cold, ſome ſay began to throw
Her Bow away, and ſigh: take to thy grace
Me thy vowd Souldier, who doe beare thy yoke
As t'wer a wreath of Roſes, yet is heavier
Then Lead it ſelfe, ſtings more than Nettles;
I have never beene foule mouthd againſt thy law,
Nev'r revealed ſecret, for I knew none; would not
Had I kend all that were; I never practiſed
Vpon mans wife, nor would the Libells reade
Of liberall wits; I never at great feaſtes
Sought to betray a Beautie, but have bluſh'd
At ſimpring Sirs that did: I have beene harſh
To large Confeſſors, and have hotly ask'd them
If they had Mothers, I had one, a woman,
And women t'wer they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eightie winters, this I told them, who
A Laſſe of foureteene brided; twas thy power
To put life into duſt, the aged Crampe
Had ſcrew'd his ſquare foote round,
The Gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing Convulſions from his globie eyes,
Had almoſt drawne their ſpheeres, that what was life
In him ſeem'd torture: this Anatomie
Had by his yong faire pheare a Boy, and I
Beleev'd it was his, for ſhe ſwore it was,
And who would not beleeve her? briefe I am
To thoſe that prate and have done; no Companion
To thoſe that boaſt and have not; a defyer
To thoſe that would and cannot; a Rejoyeer,
Yea him I doe not love, that tells cloſe offices
The fowleſt way, nor names concealements in
The boldeſt language, ſuch a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made ſigh
Truer then I. O then moſt ſoft ſweet goddeſſe

Give me the victory of this queſtion, which
Is true loves merit, and bleſſe me with a ſigne
Of thy great pleaſure.

Here Muſicke is heard, Doves are ſeene to flutter, they fall againe upon their faces, then on their knees.

Pal. O thou that from eleven, to ninetie raign'ſt
In mortall boſomes, whoſe chaſe is this world
And we in hearts thy game; I give thee thankes
For this faire Token, which being layd unto
Mine innocent true heart, armes in aſſurance *They bow.*
My body to this buſineſſe: Let us riſe
And bow before the goddeſſe: Time comes on. *Exeunt.*
Still Muſicke of Records.

Enter Emilia *in white, her haire about her ſhoulders, a wheaten wreath: One in white holding up her traine, her haire ſtucke with flowers: One before her carrying a ſilver Hynde, in which is conveyd Incenſe and ſweet odours, which being ſet upon the Altar her maides ſtanding a loofe, ſhe ſets fire to it, then they curtſey and kneele.*

Emilia. O ſacred, ſhadowie, cold and conſtant Queene,
Abandoner of Revells, mute contemplative,
Sweet, ſolitary, white as chaſte, and pure
As windefand Snow, who to thy femall knights
Alow'ſt no more blood than will make a bluſh,
Which is their orders robe. I heere thy Prieſt
Am humbled fore thine Altar, O vouchſafe
With that thy rare greene eye, which never yet
Beheld thing maculate, looke on thy virgin,
And ſacred ſilver Miſtris, lend thine eare
(Which nev'r heard ſcurrill terme, into whoſe port
Ne're entred wanton ſound,) to my petition
Seaſond with holy feare; This is my laſt
Of veſtall office, I am bride habited,
But mayden harted, a husband I have pointed,
But doe not know him, out of two, I ſhould
Chooſe one, and pray for his ſucceſſe, but I
Am guiltleſſe of election of mine eyes,
Were I to looſe one, they are equall precious,

I could doombe neither, that which periſh'd ſhould
C. too't unſentenc'd: Therefore moſt modeſt Queene,
He of the two Pretenders, that beſt loves me
And has the trueſt title in't, Let him
Take off my wheaten Gerland, or elſe grant
The fyle and qualitie I hold, I may
Continue in thy Band.

Here the Hynde vaniſhes under the Altar: and in the place aſcends a Roſe Tree, having one Roſe upon it.

See what our Generall of Ebbs and Flowes
Out from the bowells of her holy Altar
With ſacred act advances: But one Roſe,
If well inſpir'd, this Battaile ſhal confound
Both theſe brave Knights, and I a virgin flowre
Muſt grow alone unpluck'd.

Here is heard a ſodaine twang of Inſtruments, and the Roſe falls from the Tree.

The flowre is falne, the Tree deſcends: O Miſtris
Thou here diſchargeſt me, I ſhall be gather'd,
I thinke ſo, but I know not thine owne will;
Vnclaſpe thy Miſterie: I hope ſhe's pleas'd,
Her Signes were gratious.
They curtſey and Exeunt.

Scæna 2. *Enter Doctor, Iaylor and Wooer, in habite of Palamon.*

Doct. Has this advice I told you, done any good upon her?

Wooer. O very much; The maids that kept her company
Have halfe perſwaded her that I am *Palamon*; within this
Halfe houre ſhe came ſmiling to me, and asked me what I
Would eate, and when I would kiſſe her: I told her
Preſently, and kiſt her twice.

Doct. Twas well done; twentie times had bin far better,
For there the cure lies mainely.

Wooer. Then ſhe told me
She would watch with me to night, for well ſhe knew
What houre my fit would take me.

Doct. Let her doo ſo,
And when your fit comes, fit her home,

And preſently.
Wooer. She would have me ſing.
Doctor. You did ſo?
Wooer. No.
Doct. Twas very ill done then,
You ſhould obſerve her ev'ry way.
Wooer. Alas
I have no voice Sir, to confirme her that way.
Doctor. That's all one, if yee make a noyſe,
If ſhe intreate againe, doe any thing,
Lye with her if ſhe aske you.
Iaylor. Hoa there *Doctor.*
Doctor. Yes in the waie of cure.
Iaylor But firſt by your leave
I'th way of honeſtie.
Doctor. That's but a nicenesſe,
Nev'r caſt your child away for honeſtie;
Cure her firſt this way, then if ſhee will be honeſt,
She has the path before her.
Iaylor. Thanke yee *Doctor.*
Doctor. Pray bring her in
And let's ſee how ſhee is.
Iaylor. I will, and tell her
Her *Palamon* ſtaies for her: But *Doctor,*
Me thinkes you are i'th wrong ſtill. *Exit Iaylor.*
Doct. Goe, goe: you Fathers are fine Fooles: her honeſty?
And we ſhould give her phyſicke till we finde that:
Wooer. Why, doe you thinke ſhe is not honeſt Sir?
Doctor. How old is ſhe?
Wooer. She's eighteene.
Doctor. She may be,
But that's all one, tis nothing to our purpoſe,
What ere her Father ſaies, if you perceave
Her moode inclining that way that I ſpoke of:
Videlicet, the *way of fleſh*, you have me.
Wooer. Yet very well Sir.
Doctor. Pleaſe her appetite
And doe it home, it cures her *ipſo facto,*

The mellancholly humour that infects her.
Wooer. I am of your minde *Doctor.*
Enter Iaylor, Daughter, Maide.
Doctor. You'l finde it ſo; ſhe comes, pray honour her.
Iaylor. Come, your Love *Palamon* ſtaies for you childe,
And has done this long houre, to viſite you.
Daughter. I thanke him for his gen'le patience,
He's a kind Gentleman, and I am much bound to him,
Did you nev'r ſee the horſe he gave me?
Iaylor. Yes.
Daugh. How doe you like him?
Iaylor. He's a very faire one.
Daugh. You never ſaw him dance?
Iaylor. No.
Daugh. I have often.
He daunces very finely, very comely,
And for a Iigge, come cut and long taile to him,
He turnes ye like a Top.
Iaylor. That's fine indeede.
Daugh. Hee'l dance the Morris twenty mile an houre,
And that will founder the beſt hobby-horſe
(If I have any skill) in all the pariſh,
And gallops to the turne of *Light a'love,*
What thinke you of this horſe?
Iaylor. Having theſe vertues
I thinke he might be broght to play at Tennis.
Daugh. Alas that's nothing.
Iaylor. Can he write and reade too.
Daugh. A very faire hand, and caſts himſelfe th'accounts
Of all his hay and provender: That Hoſtler
Muſt riſe betime that cozens him; you know
The Cheſtnut Mare the Duke has?
Iaylor. Very well.
Daugh. She is horribly in love with him, poore beaſt,
But he is like his maſter coy and ſcorneful.
Iaylor. What dowry has ſhe?
Daugh. Some two hundred Bottles,
And twenty ſtrike of Oates, but hee'l ne're have her;

He liſpes in's neighing able to entice
A Millars Mare,
Hee'l be the death of her.
Doctor. What ſtuffe ſhe utters?
Iaylor. Make curtſie, here your love comes.
Wooer. Pretty ſoule
How doe ye? that's a fine maide, ther's a curtſie.
Daugh. Yours to command ith way of honeſtie;
How far is't now to'th end o'th world my Maſters?
Doctor. Why a daies Iorney wench.
Daugh. Will you goe with me?
Wooer. What ſhall we doe there wench?
Daugh. Why play at ſtoole ball,
What is there elſe to doe?
Wooer. I am content
If we ſhall keepe our wedding there.
Daugh. Tis true
For there I will aſſure you, we ſhall finde
Some blind Prieſt for the purpoſe, that will venture
To marry us, for here they are nice, and fooliſh;
Beſides my father muſt be hang'd to morrow
And that would be a blot i'th buſineſſe
Are not you *Palamon*?
Wooer. Doe not you know me?
Daugh. Yes, but you care not for me; I have nothing
But this pore petticoate, and too corſe Smockes.
Wooer. That's all one, I will have you.
Daugh. Will you ſurely?
Wooer. Yes by this faire hand will I.
Daugh. Wee'l to bed then.
Wooer. Ev'n when you will.
Daugh. O Sir, you would faine be nibling.
Wooer. Why doe you rub my kiſſe off?
Daugh. Tis a ſweet one,
And will perfume me finely againſt the wedding.
Is not this your Coſen *Arcite*?
Doctor. Yes ſweet heart,
And I am glad my Coſen *Palamon*

Has

Has made ſo faire a choice.
Daugh. Doe you thinke hee'l have me?
Doctor. Yes without doubt.
Daugh. Doe you thinke ſo too?
Iaylor. Yes.
Daugh. We ſhall have many children: Lord, how y'ar (growne,
My *Palamon* I hope will grow too finely
Now he's at liberty: Alas poore Chicken
He was kept downe with hard meate, and ill lodging
But ile kiſſe him up againe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. What doe you here, you'l looſe the nobleſt ſight
That ev'r was ſeene.
Iaylor. Are they i'th Field?
Meſſ. They are
You beare a charge there too.
Iaylor. Ile away ſtraight
I muſt ev'n leave you here.
Doctor. Nay wee'l goe with you,
I will not looſe the Fight.
Iaylor. How did you like her?
Doctor. Ile warrant you within theſe 3. or 4. daies
Ile make her right againe. You muſt not from her
But ſtill preſerve her in this way.
Wooer. I will.
Doc. Lets get her in.
Wooer. Come ſweete wee'l goe to dinner
And then weele play at Cardes.
Daugh. And ſhall we kiſſe too?
Wooer. A hundred times
Daugh. And twenty.
Wooer. I and twenty.
Daugh. And then wee'l ſleepe together.
Doc. Take her offer.
Wooer. Yes marry will we.
Daugh. But you ſhall not hurt me.
Wooer. I will not ſweete.
Daugh. If you doe (Love) ile cry. *Florish. Exeunt.*

Scæna.

Scena 3. *Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Emilia, Perithous; and ſome Attendants, T. Tucke: Curtis.*

Emil. Ile no ſtep further.

Per. Will you looſe this ſight?

Emil. I had rather ſee a wren hawke at a fly
Then this deciſion ev'ry blow that falls
Threats a brave life, each ſtroake laments
The place whereon it fals, and ſounds more like
A Bell, then blade: I will ſtay here,
It is enough my hearing ſhall be puniſhd,
With what ſhall happen, gainſt the which there is
No deaffing, but to heare; not taint mine eye
With dread ſights, it may ſhun.

Pir. Sir, my good Lord
Your Siſter will no further.

Theſ. Oh ſhe muſt.
She ſhall ſee deeds of honour in their kinde,
Which ſometime ſhow well pencild. Nature now
Shall make, and act the Story, the beleife
Both ſeald with eye, and eare; you muſt be preſent,
You are the victours meede, the price, and garlond
To crowne the Queſtions title.

Emil. Pardon me,
If I were there, I'ld winke

Theſ. You muſt be there;
This Tryall is as t'wer i'th night, and you
The onely ſtar to ſhine.

Emil. I am extinct,
There is but envy in that light, which ſhowes
The one the other: darkenes which ever was
The dam of horrour, who do's ſtand accurſt
Of many mortall Millions, may even now
By caſting her blacke mantle over both
That neither could finde other, get her ſelfe
Some part of a good name, and many a murther
Set off wherto ſhe's guilty.

Hip. You muſt goe.

Emil. In faith I will not.

Theſ.

Theſ. Why the knights muſt kindle
Their valour at your eye: know of this war
You are the Treaſure, and muſt needes be by
To give the Service pay.

Emil. Sir pardon me,
The tytle of a kingdome may be tride
Out of it ſelfe.

Theſ. Well, well then, at your pleaſure,
Thoſe that remaine with you, could wiſh their office
To any of their Enemies.

Hip. Farewell Siſter,
I am like to know your husband fore your ſelfe
By ſome ſmall ſtart of time, he whom the gods
Doe of the two know beſt, I pray them he
Be made your Lot.

Exeunt Theſeus, Hipolita, Perithous, &c.

Emil. *Arcite* is gently viſagd; yet his eye
Is like an Engyn bent, or a ſharpe weapon
In a ſoft ſheath; mercy, and manly courage
Are bedfellowes in his viſage: *Palamon*
Has a moſt menacing aſpect, his brow
Is grav'd, and ſeemes to bury what it frownes on,
Yet ſometime tis not ſo, but alters to
The quallity of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object. Mellencholly
Becomes him nobly; So do's *Arcites* mirth,
But *Palamons* ſadnes is a kinde of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him ſad,
And ſadnes, merry; thoſe darker humours that
Sticke misbecomingly on others, on them
Live in faire dwelling.

Cornets. Trompets ſound as to a charge.

Harke how yon ſpurs to ſpirit doe incite
The Princes to their proofe, *Arcite* may win me,
And yet may *Palamon* wound *Arcite* to
The ſpoyling of his figure. O what pitty
Enough for ſuch a chance; if I were by
I might doe hurt, for they would glance their eies

Toward my Seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence
Which crav'd that very time: it is much better
(*Cornets. a great cry and noice within crying a Palamon.*)
I am not there, oh better never borne
Then miniſter to ſuch harme, what is the chance?
Enter Servant.

Ser. The Crie's a *Palamon.*

Emil. Then he has won: Twas ever likely,
He lookd all grace and ſucceſſe, and he is
Doubtleſſe the prim'ſt of men: I pre'thee run
And tell me how it goes.
Showt, and Cornets: Crying a Palamon.

Ser. Still *Palamon.*

Emil. Run and enquire, poore Servant thou haſt loſt,
Vpon my right ſide ſtill I wore thy picture,
Palamons on the left, why ſo, I know not,
I had no end in't; elſe chance would have it ſo.
Another cry, and ſhowt within, and Cornets.
On the ſiniſter ſide, the heart lyes; *Palamon*
Had the beſt boding chance: This burſt of clamour
Is ſure th'end o'th Combat. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. They ſaide that *Palamon* had *Arcites* body
Within an inch o'th Pyramid, that the cry
Was generall a *Palamon*: But anon,
Th'Aſſiſtants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold Tytlers, at this inſtant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emil. Were they metamorphiſd
Both into one; oh why? there were no woman
Worth ſo compoſd a Man: their ſingle ſhare,
Their noblenes peculier to them, gives
The prejudice of diſparity values ſhortnes
Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite.
To any Lady breathing——— More exulting?
Palamon ſtill?

Ser. Nay, now the ſound is *Arcite.*

Emil. I pre'thee lay attention to the Cry.
Cornets.

Cornets. a great ſhowt and cry, Arcite, victory.
Set both thine eares to'th buſines.

Ser. The cry is
Arcite, and victory, harke *Arcite*, victory,
The Combats conſummation is proclaim'd
By the wind Inſtruments.

Emil. Halfe ſights ſaw
That *Arcite* was no babe: god's lyd, his richnes
And coſtlines of ſpirit look't through him, it could
No more be hid in him, then fire in flax,
Then humble bankes can goe to law with waters,
That drift windes, force to raging: I did thinke
Good *Palamon* would miſcarry, yet I knew not
Why I did thinke ſo; Our reaſons are not prophets
When oft our fancies are: They are comming off:
Alas poore *Palamon.* *Cornets.*
Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Pirithous, Arcite as victor, and attendants, &c.

Theſ. Lo, where our Siſter is in expectation,
Yet quaking, and unſetled: Faireſt *Emily*,
The gods by their divine arbitrament
Have given you this Knight, he is a good one
As ever ſtrooke at head: Give me your hands;
Receive you her, you him, be plighted with
A love that growes, as you decay;

Arcite. Emily,
To buy you, I have loſt what's deereſt to me,
Save what is bought, and yet I purchaſe cheapely,
As I doe rate your value.

Theſ. O loved Siſter,
He ſpeakes now of as brave a Knight as ere
Did ſpur a noble Steed: Surely the gods
Would have him die a Batchelour, leaſt his race
Should ſhew i'th world too godlike: His behaviour
So charmd me, that me thought *Alcides* was
To him a ſow of lead: if I could praiſe
Each part of him to'th all; I have ſpoke, your *Arcite*
Did not looſe by't; For he that was thus good

Encountred yet his Better, I have heard
Two emulous Philomels, beate the eare o'th night
With their contentious throates, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then againe the firſt,
And by and by out breaſted, that the ſence
Could not be judge betweene 'em: So it far'd
Good ſpace betweene theſe kineſmen; till heavens did
Make hardly one the winner: weare the Girlond
With joy that you have won: For the ſubdude,
Give them our preſent Iuſtice, ſince I know
Their lives but pinch 'em; Let it here be done:
The Sceane's not for our ſeeing, goe we hence,
Right joyfull, with ſome ſorrow. Arme your prize,
I know you will not looſe her: *Hipolita*
I ſee one eye of yours conceives a teare
The which it will deliver. *Floriſh.*
Emil. Is this wynning?
Oh all you heavenly powers where is you mercy?
But that your wils have ſaide it muſt be ſo,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miſerable Prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him, then all women;
I ſhould, and would die too.
Hip. Infinite pitty
That fowre ſuch eies ſhould be ſo fixd on one
That two muſt needes be blinde fort.
Theſ. So it is. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 4. *Enter Palamon and his Knightes pyniond: Iaylor, Executioner &c. Gard.*

Ther's many a man alive, that hath out liv'd
The love o'th people, yea i'th ſelfeſame ſtate
Stands many a Father with his childe; ſome comfort
We have by ſo conſidering: we expire
And not without mens pitty. To live ſtill,
Have their good wiſhes, we prevent
The loathſome miſery of age, beguile
The Gowt and Rheume, that in lag howres attend
For grey approachers; we come towards the gods
Yong

Yong, and unwapper'd not, halting under Crymes
Many and ſtale: that ſure ſhall pleaſe the gods
Sooner than ſuch, to give us Nectar with 'em,
For we are more cleare Spirits. My deare kinſemen.
Whoſe lives (for this poore comfort) are laid downe,
You have ſould 'em too too cheape.
1. *K.* What ending could be
Of more content? ore us the victors have
Fortune, whoſe title is as momentary,
As to us death is certaine: A graine of honour
They not ore'-weigh us.
2. *K.* Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience, anger tottring Fortune,
Who at her certain'ſt reeles.
3. *K.* Come? who begins?
Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this Banket, ſhall
Taſte to you all: ah ha my Friend, my Friend,
Your gentle daughter gave me freedome once;
You'l ſee't done now for ever: pray how do'es ſhe?
I heard ſhe was not well; her kind of ill
gave me ſome ſorrow.
Iaylor. Sir ſhe's well reſtor'd,
And to be marryed ſhortly.
Pal. By my ſhort life
I am moſt glad on't; Tis the lateſt thing
I ſhall be glad of, pre'thee tell her ſo:
Commend me to her, and to peece her portion
Tender her this.
1. *K.* Nay lets be offerers all.
2. *K.* Is it a maide?
Pal. Verily I thinke ſo,
A right good creature, more to me deſerving
Then I can quight or ſpeake of.
All K. Commend us to her. *They give their purſes.*
Iaylor. The gods requight you all,
And make her thankefull.
Pal. Adiew; and let my life be now as ſhort,
As my leave taking. *Lies on the Blocke.*

1. *K.* Leade couragiour Coſin.

1. 2. *K.* Wee'l follow cheerefully.

A great noiſe within crying, run, ſave hold: Enter in haſt a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Hold, hold, O hold, hold, hold.

Enter Pirithous in haſte.

Pir. Hold hoa: It is a curſed haſt you made
If you have done ſo quickly: noble *Palamon*,
The gods will ſhew their glory in a life.
That thou art yet to leade.
Pal. Can that be,
When *Venus* I have ſaid is falſe? How doe things fare?
Pir. Ariſe great Sir, and give the tydings eare
That are moſt eafly ſweet, and bitter.
Pal. What
Hath wakt us from our dreame?
Pir. Liſt then: your Coſen
Mounted upon a Steed that *Emily*
Did firſt beſtow on him, a blacke one, owing
Not a hayre worth of white, which ſome will ſay
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodneſſe with this note: Which ſuperſtition
Heere findes allowance: On this horſe is *Arcite*
Trotting the ſtones of *Athens*, which the *Calkins*
Did rather tell, then trample; for the horſe
Would make his length a mile, if't pleaſ'd his Rider
To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as t'wer to'th Muſicke
His owne hoofes made; (for as they ſay from iron
Came Muſickes origen) what envious Flint,
Cold as old *Saturne*, and like him poſſeſt
With fire malevolent, darted a Sparke
Or what feirce ſulphur elſe, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horſe, hot as fire
Tooke Toy at this, and fell to what diſorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on end,
Forgets ſchoole doeing, being therein traind,
And of kind mannadge, pig-like he whines

At the ſharpe Rowell, which he freats at rather
Then any jot obaies; ſeekes all foule meanes
Of boyſtrous and rough Iadrie, to diſ-ſeate
His Lord, that kept it bravely: when nought ſerv'd,
When neither Curb would cracke, girth breake nor diffring
Diſ-roote his Rider whence he grew, but that (plunges
He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hooſes
on end he ſtands
That *Arcites* leggs being higher then his head
Seem'd with ſtrange art to hang: His victors wreath
Even then fell off his head: and preſently
Backeward the Iade comes ore, and his full poyze
Becomes the Riders loade: yet is he living,
But ſuch a veſſell tis, that floates but for
The ſurge that next approaches: he much deſires
To have ſome ſpeech with you: Loe he appeares.

Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Emilia, Arcite, in a chaire.

Pal. O miſerable end of our alliance
The gods are mightie *Arcite*, if thy heart,
Thy worthie, manly heart be yet unbroken:
Give me thy laſt words, I am *Palamon*,
One that yet loves thee dying.
Arc. Take *Emilia*
And with her, all the worlds joy: Reach thy hand,
Farewell: I have told my laſt houre; I was falſe,
Yet never treacherous: Forgive me Coſen:
One kiſſe from faire *Emilia*: Tis done:
Take her: I die.
Pal. Thy brave ſoule ſeeke *Elizium*. (thee,
Emil. Ile cloſe thine eyes Prince: bleſſed ſoules be with
Thou art a right good man, and while I live,
This day I give to teares.
Pal. And I to honour.
Theſ. In this place firſt you fought: ev'n very here
I ſundred you, acknowledge to the gods
Our thankes that you are living:
His part is playd, and though it were too ſhort
He did it well: your day is lengthned, and,

The bliſſefull dew of heaven do's arowze you.
The powerfull *Venus*, well hath grac'd her Altar,
And given you your love: Our Maſter *Mars*
Haſt vouch'd his Oracle, and to *Arcite* gave
The grace of the Contention: So the Deities
Have ſhew'd due juſtice: Beare this hence.

Pal. O Coſen,
That we ſhould things deſire, which doe coſt us
The loſſe of our deſire; That nought could buy
Deare love, but loſſe of deare love.

Theſ. Never Fortune
Did play a ſubtler Game: The conquerd triumphes,
The victor has the Loſſe: yet in the paſſage,
The gods have beene moſt equall; *Palamon*,
Your kinſeman hath confeſt the right o'th Lady.
Did lye in you, for you firſt ſaw her, and
Even then proclaimd your fancie: He reſtord her
As your ſtolne Iewell, and deſir'd your ſpirit
To ſend him hence forgiven; The gods my juſtice
Take from my hand, and they themſelves become
The Executioners: Leade your Lady off;
And call your Lovers from the ſtage of death,
Whom I adopt my Frinds. A day or two
Let us looke ſadly, and give grace unto
The Funerall of *Arcite*, in whoſe end
The viſages of Bridegroomes weele put on
And ſmile with *Palamon*; for whom an houre,
But one houre ſince, I was as dearely ſorry,
As glad of *Arcite*: and am now as glad,
As for him ſorry. O you heavenly Charmers,
What things you make of us? For what we lacke
We laugh, for what we have, are ſorry ſtill,
Are children in ſome kind. Let us be thankefull
For that which is, and with you leave diſpute
That are above our queſtion: Let's goe off,
And beare us like the time.

Floriſh. Exeunt.

Epilogue.

EPILOGVE.

I Would now aske ye how ye like the Play,
But as it is with Schoole Boyes, cannot ſay,
I am cruell fearefull: pray yet ſtay a while,
And let me looke upon ye: No man ſmile?
Then it goes hard I ſee; He that has
Lov'd a yong handſome wench then, ſhow his face:
Tis ſtrange if none be heere, and if he will
Againſt his Conſcience let him hiſſe, and kill
Our Market: Tis in vaine, I ſee to ſtay yee,
Have at the worſt can come, then; Now what ſay ye?
And yet miſtake me not: I am not bold
We have no ſuch cauſe. If the tale we have told
(For tis no other) any way content ye)
(For to that honeſt purpoſe it was ment ye)
We have our end; and ye ſhall have ere long
I dare ſay many a better, to prolong
Your old loves to us: we, and all our might,
Reſt at your ſervice, Gentlemen, good night.

Floriſh.

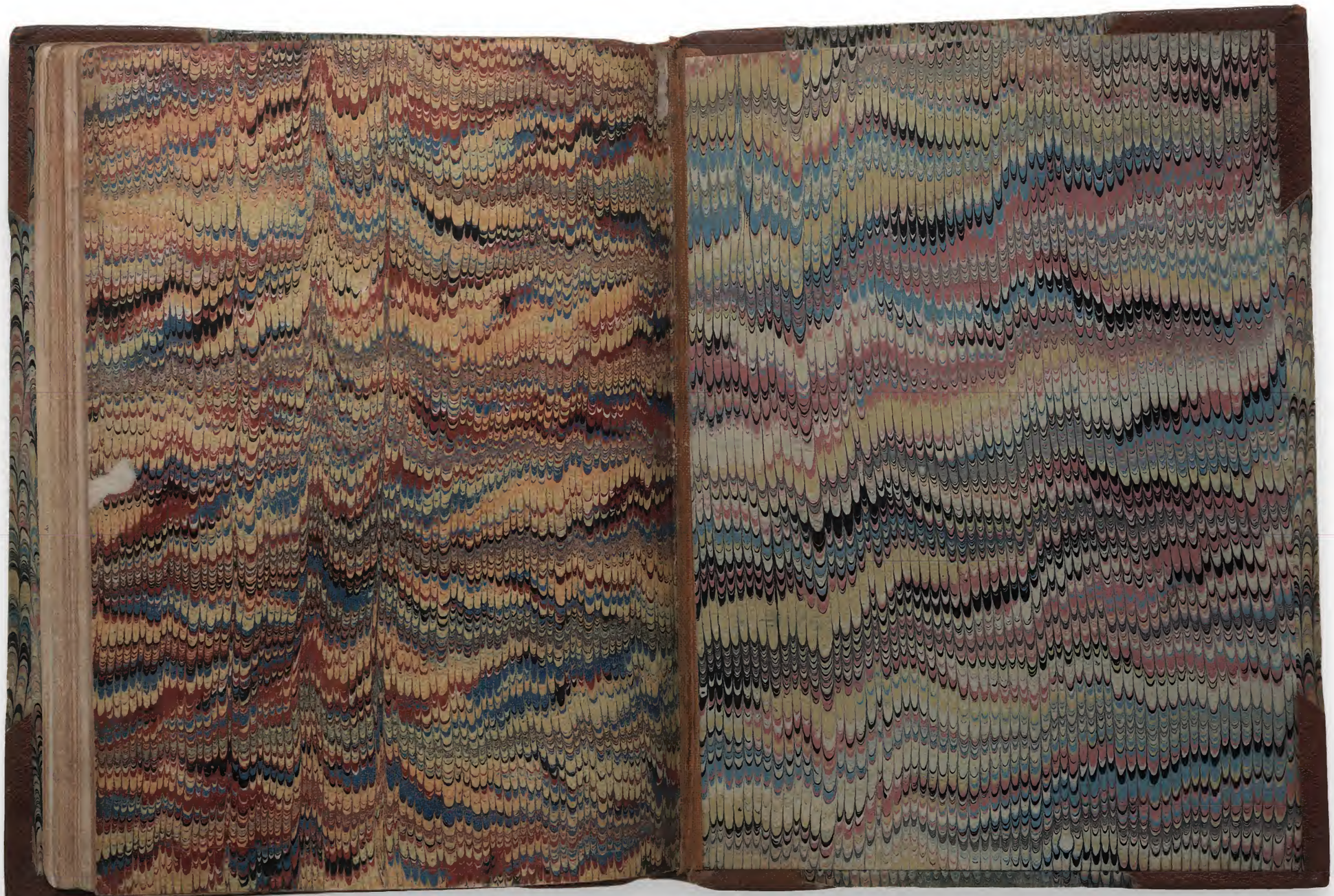
FINIS.

FINIS.

DEPARTMENT OF MANUSCRIPTS

Record of Treatment, Extraction, Repair, etc.

of ~~M.S.~~ no. C34 G23

Date	Particulars	Name
12.02.2003	Paper repair with kozo and tenjujo papers and w.s.p.	PJ

MSS SR7 7/75 7961 351136 8m H&S(P)Ltd Gp841